

# THE THEATRE

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ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor



Photo by White

Grace Elliston

Edmund Breese

SCENE IN CHARLES KLEIN'S NEW PLAY "THE LION AND THE MOUSE"

This piece, which is now being performed at the Lyceum Theatre, this city, has attracted much attention, apart from its intrinsic merit, from the fact that its leading male character (the rôle played by Mr. Breese) is intended to represent a well-known figure in frenzied finance

## THE CURRENT PLAYS



PETER PAN AND THE NEVER-NEVER LAND CHILDREN ON THE PIRATE SHIP

EMPIRE. "PETER PAN." Play in 3 acts by James M. Barrie. Produced Nov. 6 with this cast:

Peter Pan, Maude Adams; Mr. Darling, Ernest Lawford; Mrs. Darling, Grace Henderson; Wendy, Mildred Morris; John, Walter Robinson; Michael, Martha McGraw; Nana, Charles H. Weston; Tinker Bell, Jane Wren; James Hook, Ernest Lawford; Snee, Thomas McGrath; Starkey, Wallace Jackson; Great Big Little Panther, Lloyd Carleton; Tiger Lily, Margaret Gordon; Liza, Anna Wheaton.

"Peter Pan" is a delightful play—for the elect! This may mean you and it may not. *"Every time a baby laughs a fairy is born."* If you agree with this you will find much to enjoy in Mr. Barrie's charming idyll of child life. If, on the contrary, it conveys to you no meaning, you had better avoid the Empire Theatre and go instead to see—the Rogers Brothers.

"Peter Pan" is an epic of childish joy and fancy; it is the apotheosis of youth and all its high-colored fictions, and Barrie is probably the only writer in English letters today capable of giving this whimsical conception dramatic form. Everything that surges, unreasoning, through the childish brain, all the extravaganzas, unrealities, terrifying dangers, delights, enthusiasms—all these infantile emotions are woven by the dramatist into a spectacular entertainment that is full of exquisite tenderness, sentiment and poetry, and in the lovable, elfish Peter Pan, the boy who did not want to grow up and ran away from home rather than become President, the English poet has given Maude Adams a part that suits her better than anything she has done since Lady Babbie.

No man who does not love children could have written this play, which is redolent of the nursery, and which has the miraculous effect of rejuvenating all who witness it. Some of our superannuated, dyspeptic critics profess they are unable to comprehend this exquisite fantasy. Pity them! They could never have been young themselves. They were born old with all their teeth cut.

Mothers will like "Peter Pan" because it symbolizes Mother Love. The only regret that Peter feels when he runs away from home is because he leaves his dear mother behind, and when

he induces the Darling children to fly away with him to the Never-Never-Never Land, he insists that Wendy, the eldest girl, shall act as Little Mother to them all.

A detailed account of the plot of this unique piece appeared in a recent issue of this magazine. It has had a long run in London, and this success should be repeated here if American theatre-goers care for dainty dramatic fare of this sort. Judging by the rapt attention with which the play was followed on the opening night, New York audiences, sophisticated as they may be, still have a corner in their hearts for the time when the sun was always smiling and the birds were always singing, and when the life of Tinker Bell—the invisible fairy whose presence throughout the play is indicated only by a dancing light—is in peril, and Peter Pan in keen distress comes down to the footlights and explains that Tinker Bell must die unless they (the audience) believe in fairies, the whole house responded to the appeal with

"We do! We do!" expressed in applause. And so Tinker Bell's life is saved!

The coming of Peter Pan to the Darling's nursery after the children have been put to bed by the faithful St. Bernard dog Nana, who officiates as nurse, the lessons in flying and subsequent flight of the children through the window to the Never-Never-Never Land; the arrival in the Magic Country, infested with strange animals—the Monster Ostrich, the Man-Eating Crocodile, with a clock ticking in its stomach, and the Fierce Wolves, driven away by the children looking Through Their Legs—the building of the House in the Woods with a Silk Hat for a chimney and a Lady's Slipper for a door-knocker, the attack by the Savage Redskins and by the Bloodthirsty Pirates, the retreat to the Underground Cavern, the Capture of the Children, who are taken Prisoners to the Pirate Ship and sentenced to Walk the Plank; the Rescue by Peter Pan, the worsting of the pirates and the return of the Darling Children to their Anxious Mother—these are the salient features of the play.



OLGA NETHERSOLE IN "THE LABYRINTH"

ent features of this novel drama of childhood. Mr. and Mrs. Darling, overjoyed at the lost ones' return, wish to keep Peter Pan, but the boy is still resolved Never to Grow Up, and returns to the little house among the flower-laden trees, where Wendy, according to agreement, visits him periodically for a House Cleaning.

The piece is well acted and in the right key. Maude Adams is not a great actress. Her frail physique bars her from ever attaining real power. But she has a sweet, lovable personality which fascinates and endears her to her audiences. Herein lies the secret of her success. There was not a flaw in her performance of the title rôle. She was, in turn, elfish, wistful, tender, joyous, sad. She danced and tripped, whistled and sang as gaily as the rest of the children, and invested the part with so much charm, poetry and atmosphere that it would be difficult to conceive of the part being better played. Mildred Morris, daughter of the late Felix Morris, played the important part of Wendy with tact. She is a trifle older than the rôle exacts, but on the whole she was satisfactory. Ernest Lawford and Grace Henderson—an old favorite of whom we should like to see more on the stage—were excellent in the respective rôles of Mr. and Mrs. Darling, and the Dog was cleverly done by Charles H. Weston.

Charles Frohman has given Mr. Barrie's play a superb setting. Nothing more beautiful than the last tableau, where Peter Pan is seen in his Woodland House, surrounded by a sea of perfumed, blossoming trees, has ever been seen on the local stage. By all means do not miss seeing "Peter Pan."

MANHATTAN. "MONNA VANNA." Play in 3 acts by Maurice Maeterlinck. Produced October 23 with this cast:

Guido Colonna, Henry Kolker; Marco Colonna, Frederick Perry; Prinzivalle, Henry Jewett; Trivulzio, Leonard Shepherd; Borso, Joseph O'Meara; Torello, Stanley Jessup; Vedio, Frank Lea Short; Giovanna, Madame Kalich.

It was a distinct literary surprise which Maurice Maeterlinck sprung upon his admirers when he perpetrated "Monna Vanna." The work which he had written previous to this moving drama, ostensibly for the theatre, had been so associated with the poetically nebulous, so identified with the fanciful creations of the esthetical nowhere, that to deal with living figures in a setting of vital reality was a distinct shock to those who had followed the artistic development of the so-called Belgian Shakespeare.

The theatrical temerity which induced Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske to present his new star, Mme. Bertha Kalich, in the title rôle of this "piece," as the author calls it, deserves well at the hands of those who take their drama seriously. To the credit of this great metropolis it must be said that the offering has been received with dignified appreciation, and to a considerable extent with commercial enthusiasm.

"Monna Vanna" is a combination of Elizabethan simplicity and up-to-date psychological analysis. The analytical side at times swamps the sweep of the dramatic idea, which, however potent in its tragic significance, is brief for a full evening's entertainment. However, if the literary world will accept the refined subtleties of human expression as exemplified in the works of Henry James and Edith Wharton, the stage at least should find some place for those who seriously and earnestly endeavor to lay bare those great moving influences of human conduct.

Prinzivalle, a mercenary in the employ of the Florentine army, conscious of the jealousy of those who would undo him, promises to relieve the starving city of Pisa if Giovanna (Monna Vanna), wife of the Pisan commander, Guido Colonna, will come to his tent "naked beneath her mantle," there to remain from midnight until dawn. Her father-in-law counsels her submission. The husband violently opposes, but for the common good, Giovanna, in a fine moment of altruism, declares the sacrifice imperative and accepts the degrading terms. This is the first act—a strenuous and ingenious exposition of the conflicting emotions which move the trio. Long it certainly is, but in addition to the nervous strength of the situation, there is so much poetry in the several



Hall

MAUDE ADAMS AS PETER PAN



Otto Sarony Co.

MAUDE FEALEY IN "THE TRUTH TELLERS"

declarations that the ear is constantly pleased and the imagination stimulated throughout. The work of Frederick Perry as the father is here to be particularly commended for its logical crispness and the sustained quality of the characterization.

The second act is drawn on lines to which the most positive Philistine could not object. Giovanna comes to Prinzivalle's tent. There it is revealed that he has loved her since they were children together. "The nobler nature within him stirred" by the glorious enormity of her preferred sacrifice, he dispatches the promised relief train, admirably realized by the stage manager, and agrees to escort her back to Pisa as unsullied as she came.

The final act marks their return. Guido will not believe the story of his wife's escape. It is a lie to assuage his wounded honor, and he orders Prinzivalle seized and tortured. This is too much for Giovanna, who in a flash realizes the enormous difference in the two men. Her love goes out to the champion of chivalry, and she declares that she has lied. Prinzivalle, she as-

serts, has indeed dishonored her, and to her, and her alone, belongs the revenge. But as he is being bound she whispers to him of her undying devotion, which owns no limits. The guards seize him to carry him to a dungeon, "the most profound, the most secret," to which she is given the key, and then the curtain drops. Let the inference be what it may, the sweep and swirl of this situation and its accretive adjuncts are irresistible in their compelling tragic force.

It is a pity that the earnestness of Henry Jewett as Prinzivalle does not carry more weight. The spirit of o'er-mastering romance is lacking. Although cruelly deficient in elocution at times, Henry Kolker has some telling moments as the husband. A really admirable bit of character is contributed by Leonard Shepherd as Trivulzio, a Commissioner of the Florentine Republic. As Giovanna, Mme. Kalich reveals all the strength and crudities of her style. Her repose is noble in the first act, and she acts with defiant bravura in the closing scene, but in the interview with Prinzivalle she fails to reveal the fearful calm that rests in the woman's soul. For a foreigner whose field was long limited to the Bowery, her English is quite wonderful in its fluency and her appearance imposing and graceful. The staging in its archæological accuracy and well-balanced movement deserves high praise.

We have been getting plenty of Shakespeare lately. Whether it has been quantity or quality is another matter. It is a laudable ambition that spurs our players to present these classics of the stage; yet Shakespeare poorly acted is perhaps better left to the seclusion of the library until one day the truly great Shakespearian actor again appears to thrill us with the majestic sweep of the immortal lines. The Hamlet of Forbes Robertson and Edward Sothern, the Richard III of Mansfield and Mantell, have attracted attention and received much praise, albeit wholly without inspiration. During the past month we have again seen Mr. Mantell as Richard III, and also as Othello and Macbeth. This actor has many of the natural attributes of the successful Shakespearian tragedian—commanding presence, resonant voice, good elocutionary powers. But alas! his years of barn-storming have engendered a slip-shod delivery, careless technic, lack of polish. Mr. Mantell has a crude and irregular force that is lacking in nicety, and he comes at times dangerously near ranting. Many of his stage postures are graceless, and it is only at moments that he gives the complete illusion, although it is at just such times that one feels what a fine Shakespearian actor he might have become had he nurtured his art more carefully. As Richard and Macbeth he was most successful, although neither performance may rank as great. His Hamlet is studied, but lacks youth and distinction, and his Othello, deficient in fire and dignity, showed him to least advantage of all. Marie Booth Russell was fairly successful as Lady Macbeth, her fine physique suiting the part, but her Desdemona was less satisfactory, being entirely too sophisticated. Mr. Mantell's performances and productions are standards only for those who have not known the plays in their best estate.

Mr. Sothern's efforts in the direction of the classic drama are most praiseworthy. After acquiring a reputation in farcical comedy, he has consistently aimed for higher things, and his name has been constantly associated with the most notable productions of the literary drama of the day. Of late he has devoted much attention to Shakespeare. But if Mr. Sothern's record on the stage must command our respect, we cannot let our appreciation of his worth blind us to his short-comings as a Shakespearian producer, to which distinction he pretends. He has given the bard much study, yet his efforts seem turned to doing Shakespeare in a new way rather than to doing him well in the old way. Hamlet is, so far, his most successful attempt. His Romeo and his Petruchio were disappointing. His Shylock, while it lacks magnitude, has dignity, sincerity, and impressiveness. In this rôle he has freed himself from personal mannerisms, and, as a rule, from theatricalism. We must have his innovations of business, however. When Shylock is dismissed from the scene in court,

he feebly betakes himself off, and reaching the threshold falls prone without. Still his performance was sustained. His production of the "Merchant," on the whole, has many qualities of beauty in it, here and there of the spiritual kind, but mainly of the external. The art of scenery is pushed to its limit. There is a pleasing blending of colors suffusing a poetic atmosphere, while the seeming exactness in costumes, often differing from the accustomed garb, gives an air of new verity. You are challenged to dispute the erudition of it all. Then, as usual, there are new readings, new business, new re-arrangement of the text, that chide you for being slow-witted if you do not accept them at once. In other words, the Sothern-Marlowe Shakespearian productions are plainly designed to be as different as possible from any that have

most exacting requirements. Mr. Sothern's Malvolio is a character study. He invests the vain fool with a pitiful and comic dignity amounting to a new interpretation of the character. Miss Marlowe's Viola is charming in every particular. In romantic external beauty it is a delight. If the acting of these two comely players could fill out the full measure of Shakespeare, their present productions would have to be ranked with the great achievements of our stage. But they have yet much to do to have results equal their ambition.

BELASCO. "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST." Play in three acts by David Belasco. Produced Nov. 14 with this cast:

The Girl, Blanche Bates; Dick Johnson, Robert Hilliard; Jack Rance, Frank Keenan; Sonora Slim, John W. Cope; Trinidad Joe, James Kirkwood; Nick, Thomas J. Mc-



Byron, N. Y.

Nancy Sykes (Amelia Bingham)

Fagin (J. E. Dodson)

Bill Sykes (Hardee Kirkland)

Fagin telling Bill Sykes that Nancy has "peached" on them

SCENE IN THE NEW DRAMATIC VERSION OF "OLIVER TWIST" AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE

been shown. Too much innovation is often dangerous. The moment a too obvious calcium light is introduced into Shakespeare, that moment his genius for nature is outraged. As soon as you stop the action in order to have us admire the beauty of the moonlit scene, in which a splendid gondola glides beneath the bridge into view for the mere sake of the picture, true art hides in the shadows. Miss Marlowe as Portia was eminently pleasing, except in the trial scene. Her judicial gown, the way it sat on her figure, is so absolutely feminine that there is not one moment of illusion in it. This, however, might have been overcome by more authority and earnestness in her conduct of the case. Again, throughout the play the effort seems to be to utter the lines in the most prosaic fashion possible. This is surely a mistake. The production of "Twelfth Night," in costume and scenery, in historical accuracy in detail, in novelty of interpretation here and there, and in the complete success of certain scenes, meets the

Grane; Jim Larkens, Mr. Fred. Maxwell; "Happy" Haliday, Mr. Richard Hoyer; "Handsome" Charlie, Mr. Clifford Hippie; Billy Jackrabbit, J. H. Benrimo; Ashby, J. Al. Sawtelle; Bucking Billy, Mr. A. M. Beattie.

Once more has David Belasco proved his genius for stage craft. His latest play, "The Girl of the Golden West," is the best piece of its kind seen in a generation. It will rank among the classics of melodrama with "Jim the Penman" and "The Danites," and keep the Belasco Theatre filled for months to come. It is the plays of this calibre that make theatre-going worth while and uplift the drama from the mire in which inane musical comedy is doing its best to submerge it.

"The Girl of the Golden West" is the kind of play that grips you from the start and keeps you glued in your seat from the rise to fall of the curtain. Its characters and situations are familiar ones, but the old complications are treated in a new way and with all the scenic investment, elaboration of detail and verisimilitude in the acting that the art of Belasco can bring to it. It

is a play of the California gold rush in 1849, those wild days when adventurers from all over the world joined forces in our far Western State and killed, loved, gambled, cursed, in the mad struggle to wrest a fortune from Nature. The place is a mining camp in the mountains, and here we find the Girl, the only one of her sex, among a wild lot of miners, gamblers, and desperadoes. The Girl keeps a saloon and has earned the respect and affection of her rough companions by her virtue and *bonne camaraderie*. When the bar is closed, she keeps school for the "boys," who fairly adore her. Jack Rance, gambler and sheriff, has an even warmer regard for her and offers marriage. The wife he has already need never know, he remarks, but the Girl lets him understand decisively that she is not that kind, and the sheriff goes sulkily off to capture a notorious outlaw. A stranger comes to the saloon, and his distinction of manner so fascinates the Girl that she loses her heart completely.

The audience is at once aware that the stranger is the much-sought outlaw, but the Girl knows it not, and in perfect innocence invites him to her cabin on the mountain top. The jealous sheriff by this time has discovered the identity of his rival, and tracks him to the Girl's hut. Confronted by a six-shooter, the outlaw surrenders, but the Girl pleads eloquently for his life. Gambler rather than law officer, Rance proposes a game of poker. If he wins he is to marry her; if he loses the outlaw goes free. The Girl accepts. She wins one "show down"; the sheriff the other. The next will decide. Rance deals himself three kings and exultingly proclaims a winning hand. The Girl, desperate, resorts to cheating. She induces the sheriff to pick up something from the floor, and while his back is turned quickly takes prepared cards from her stocking and cries, "No! I win with three aces and a pair!" A true gambler, Rance bows to the cards. He has no idea he has been cheated, and the outlaw goes free, as agreed. But the fraud weighs heavily on the Girl. She considers herself no better than the cheat who was driven from the camp with a deuce of clubs pinned to his coat as mark of his ignominy, and heavy-hearted she tells the surprised miners that she is leaving them.



Byron, N. Y.

FRITZI SCHEFF IN HER NEW OPERETTA "MLLE. MODISTE"

Suddenly the posse returns with the outlaw, who has been retaken. He is condemned to death and is about to be hanged, when he asks to be allowed to say farewell to the Girl. The scene that follows so touches the rough miners that, for the Girl's sake, they relent and again the outlaw goes free, with the Girl as his companion — to a new life.

The foregoing is the merest outline of an absorbingly interesting play, rich in incident, picturesque in color and thrilling in situation. It is splendidly acted. Blanche Bates as the Girl reaches the high-water mark of her stage career. In a rôle which runs the entire gamut of human emotion she shows herself to be an actress of considerable emotional power as well as a comedienne of more than ordinary resource and ability. Her intense scene in the cabin when she is shielding the man she loves is a forceful and convincing bit of acting, and, later, when confronted with the man's

worthlessness, she astonished every one by the vehemence and realism of her simulated rage. In her lighter moods she is natural and charming, and the native innocence of soul of this rough diamond of the Sierras was reflected in her face with admirable art. Frank Keenan as the sinister, imperturbable sheriff has added another remarkable character study to his *Hon. Grigsby* and his *Dr. Tarr*. His impersonation is a masterpiece of make-up and study; it is practically a new character that he has given to the stage. Robert Hilliard as the outlaw acted with force and authority, but displayed rather too much embonpoint for a man who has been dodging posses in the mountains, and there was a self-consciousness about his performance that jarred.

It need hardly be added that Mr. Belasco has surrounded the piece with all the atmosphere possible in the way of fine scenic effects. A special poster drop-curtain is symbolic of the Golden West. In the centre blazes a glorious sun-set, the flaming orb sinking behind a black range of mountains veined with thin streaks of gold, while on each side the giant trees of California soar to the sky, and on the stage itself is growing the real vegetation of the region. The set pieces are supplemented by a moving panorama which gives an idea of the vastness and ruggedness of the place.

WALLACK'S. "THE SQUAW MAN." Comedy drama in four acts, by Edwin Milton Royle. Produced Oct. 23 with this cast:

Henry Wynnegan; Herbert Sleath; Diana, Selene Johnson; Lady Elizabeth, Selina Fetter Royle; Lady Mabel Katherine Fisher; Captain Wynnegan, William Faversham; Rev. Chiswick, Frederick Forrest; Bates, C. A. Carlton; Malcolm Petrie, Hugo Toland; Sir John Applegate, Cecil Ward; Bishop of Exeter, William Eville; Sir Charles, Brig-  
ham Royce; Mrs. Jones, Ella Duncan; Big Bill, George Fawcett; Shorty, Emmett Shackson; Andy, Bertram A. Marburg; Crouchy, Mitchell Lewis; Baco White, Baco White; Tabbywana, Theodore Roberts; Nat-u-ritch, Mabel Morrison; Little Hal, Evelyn Wright; Cash Hawkins, W. S. Hart; Nick, Frederick Watson; McSorley, Mortimer Martin; Mrs. Hiram Doolittle, Lillian Wright; Mr. Hiram Doolittle, Boyd Southey; Bud Hardy, William Frederick.

When a play springs from the soil, and is nourished by the sun that shines and the winds that blow, and gets sustenance from all that is in the air and that lies at its roots, its reasons for existence combine to make it a good, true play. Such is the case with "The Squawman." Such causes make a true play of "My Partner," a diverting play of "The College Widow," and, according to report, a powerful play of "The Clansman." Your exotics painfully grown from foreign seed are not in the same class. Mr. Royle has written an honest American play. His first act, practically a prologue, is laid in England, and there the author is not only technically clumsy, but weak. The actors are weak, everything is weak, and inevitably so. It is no discredit to Mr. Royle that he knows nothing about the English aristocracy. It is really not worth knowing anything about. An elder brother has disgraced himself by peculation during the Boer war; the younger brother sacrifices himself and his love for the woman that his brother marries in order to save the family name, and betakes himself to America without the family name. To the American mind, all this is pretty much "made ground," but it is enough to erect the action on. In the troubles of a Western mining or cattle camp, a desperado attempts to shoot him, but at that very moment a shot rings out and the desperado falls, shot by a girlish squaw, who, partly because of love, protects the young

Englishman. He marries her, becomes a squaw man, and a child is born, a boy. It later develops that the older brother dies, and the younger is called upon to return to England and become his Lordship. He is unwilling to abandon the untutored creature

who is the mother of his child, but consents to send the boy to England in his place. Feeling that she is in the way, the squaw shoots herself. This is all simple enough, but forceful and true and pathetic because elemental. All false and forced sentiment is avoided. Mr. Royle has managed this feature with admirable discernment. The squaw, a tender slip of a thing, has few words to say. The better informed a dramatist is of his subject or material, the less time he has for mere artifice and device; consequently, we have more detail, character and atmosphere than conventionality and theatric trickery. The characters are to the life, numerous as they are. The Indians speak in their own tongue, with an interpreter. The Western life seems to be absolutely a reproduction of the real thing. Mr. Faversham is

hardly robust enough for the character, but he acts well, and his voice conveys sincerity and emotion. It is melodrama, but it has the uncommon merit of novelty in its situations. The details of character, manner and speech are too minute to convey by description, a proof of the genuineness of this very successful, touching and powerful play.

The Progressive Stage Society—an absurd name—inaugurated its season with the production of three one-act plays at the Berkeley Lyceum November 14. If sufficient support is given by the public, it is proposed to follow these with other dramas, which, as the President of the Society announced, are of "great literary

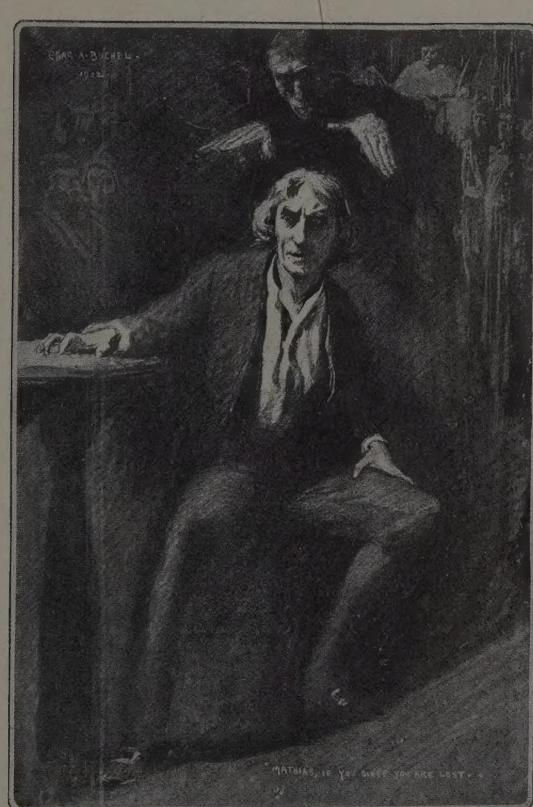
(For reviews of other new plays see page xvi.)

## Irving in Westminster Abbey

With England's noblest let our Irving rest,  
Beneath the Abbey's venerable shade,  
'Mid blazoned memories that never fade—  
With canons, saints and holy martyrs blest,  
With Christian knights in all their armor drest,  
With poets, sages, kings—for these he made  
Our own familiars, in the parts he played,  
His art epitomizing all their best.

No actor ever fanned the fire divine,  
But with the inspiration of the Man—  
No character creation but began  
With something in the player rare and fine.  
These laurels to inimitable art,  
O'ershadowed by the greatness of a heart!

—HENRY TYRRELL.



From *The Tatler*

Henry Irving as Mathias in "The Bells"

## NEW YORK CITY

*to have a*

# Répertoire Theatre

**A**T last, New York, the second largest city in the world, is to have a theatre commensurate with its size and importance. It is officially announced that a group of wealthy patrons of art, including Mr. Clarence Mackay, Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Mr. James Speyer, Mr. James Stillman, Mr. Daniel Guggenheim and others, will subscribe \$3,000,000 to build a magnificent theatre to be conducted on academic lines and of which Heinrich Conried will be the director.

The projected playhouse is at present styled National Theatre—a somewhat misleading designation since, in the absence of Federal or State aid and supervision, there can be no "National" Theatre in this country in the proper meaning of the term. In the sense, however, that the new theatre will be the most beautiful Temple of Thespis American skill and money can build, with the finest stage productions American art can make—in this sense it may, perhaps, be called National. But in view of the fact that there are already "National" theatres in almost every city in the Union—here in New York even the Hippodrome styles itself "National Theatre"—perhaps it would be advisable to choose another name. Why not The New Theatre? It sounds well, is easy to remember and conveys more meaning than appears at first glance. It would also have the advantage of originality, at least as far as America is concerned.

It is promised that the new theatre shall be conducted in the same semi-educational manner as the splendid subsidized playhouses of continental Europe. The classic and standard plays will be performed regularly and frequently; there will be seats as cheap as twenty-five cents so that the poorest classes may attend the performances; there will be no long runs (the curse of the purely commercial theatre), the bill being changed, perhaps as often as three times a week, and there will be formed a fine stock company. If Mr. Conried succeeds in accomplishing this ambitious programme, and we have the utmost faith in his ability, his theatre will differ from the Comédie Française in Paris, the Hofburg Theater in Berlin, and the other famous State theatres of the old world only in receiving no subsidy from our government for its support.

All who feel a real interest in the stage, all who take an intellectual delight in seeing fine plays finely acted, every student of the drama, every man or woman who has experienced the uplifting influence of the endowed theatre as it exists in Europe, all who have long deplored the absence of such a playhouse in America, and have urged its necessity if our drama is ever to become worthy of this great country—all these will welcome Mr. Conried's announcement. It

has long been a source of humiliation and shame for Americans to hear the belittling remarks of intelligent visiting foreigners after witnessing performances in our theatres. They concede that our theatres are comfortable, our actors well dressed, our actresses winsome, but their compliments end there. One and all, they express amazement at the lack of art, the poor acting, the mediocrity of our plays.

The new National Theatre probably will not be more successful in finding good new plays than are the speculative managers, but at least it will do what the speculative manager does not do—it will give us adequate performances of the classic and standard plays, so that the growing generation, the men and women of tomorrow, may have an opportunity of seeing well acted the dramatic masterpieces of all lands. In this lies the real value of the proposed theatre—not in the fact that it will be the most expensive and probably the most beautiful playhouse in America, if not in the world, and that society—which really cares as much about educating the drama as it does about educating the naked Hottentot—will make it the resort of wealth and fashion. And so potent and far reaching will be this educational influence of the splendid new playhouse that indirectly it will affect all our other theatres. It will improve plays and acting everywhere. It will promote theatre-going and thus help other managers instead of hurting them. Unwittingly the rival managers will try to do things as well as they do them at the National Theatre, and so the standard of plays and acting will be raised all round. That is the experience of the Comédie Française; it is the experience of all subsidized theatres where every effort is bent on making a production that is "worthy" rather than making a production that will "pay."

This is not a new idea—this National Theatre. All our readers know that. The THEATRE MAGAZINE has advocated the establishment of such a theatre ever since it was first published now nearly six years ago and there were others who advocated it before we did. The THEATRE MAGAZINE, however, revived the agitation and was instrumental in organizing the National Art Theatre Society, which enrolled as many as 3,000 intelligent theatre-goers devoted to the idea. The membership of the Society embraced all classes, all the liberal professions. The



Byron, N. Y.

HEINRICH CONRIED, WHO WILL DIRECT THE FINEST THEATRE IN AMERICA

were in it poets, merchants, journalists, even policemen, for Commissioner McAdoo was one of its enthusiastic supporters. Unfortunately it included very few millionaires. Fine ideas are all right, but money is needed to give them life, and the Society failed to arouse the apathy of the moneyed men. Andrew Carnegie nibbled at the idea, but confessed that the scheme was beyond

him. Yet, as the Chicago *Record-Herald* said: "If the National Theatre Society does nothing more than publish its Manual (in which was eloquently set forth the need of such a theatre) it will not have lived in vain." The Society, however, never claimed a monopoly of the Endowed Theatre idea. It is well known that it has been the dream of Heinrich Conried's life to himself direct such a theatre. His real ambition was not to preside over the destinies of the Metropolitan Opera House, but to establish in this, his adopted country, a playhouse modelled after the monumental state-aided theatres of the Continent. The belief, among those on the inside, is that the backers of Mr. Conried in this new venture represent an independent faction in the present directorate of the Opera, and that when Mr. Conried's present term of office expires, in about two years, he will abandon grand opera for what, after all, is his more legitimate field.

The theatre will be situated on the West Side of the city, facing Central Park, and will occupy the entire block from Sixty-second to Sixty-third street, which cost \$1,000,000. The plans call for a superb building to cost \$2,000,000, containing an immense foyer, which is to be decorated by famous painters and sculptors of this country and Europe, and to be enriched with treasures, making it the greatest art gallery of New York with the exception of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Work on the theatre will be commenced next Spring, and it will take over a year to complete it. It will be large, but only large enough to make it best adapted to dramatic performances and opéra comique. The prices will be from twenty-five cents to two dollars.

One of the gentlemen connected with the enterprise has made this statement:

"There will be thirty boxes, and in order to insure that the box shall be socially select a committee of women prominent in New York society will pass upon the names of the applicants for a box in permanency, which will cost \$100,000. As in the Metropolitan, a boxholder will own a share in the theatre property. No one will be permitted to own a box unless accepted by the committee. I may say that the entire thirty can be disposed of to-morrow."

"The company will be the best that unlimited money can command. The répertoire will comprise new and old plays of genuine worth and thorough interest, but unexceptionable in morals, using the word rightly, and played in perfect manner."

"The theatre will be an authority in its acting. It will aim at purity

in English pronunciation, passed upon, where there is difference of opinion, by a committee from Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton. A committee of artists will be consulted as to scenery and costumes. Another committee will pass upon points of etiquette to root out bad manners frequently seen on the stage. These are details, but they show we have thought it all out carefully."

"The season will be thirty weeks. There will not be any long runs.

Ten plays will be produced the first year; ten each year following. And on two nights each week there will be opéra comique—not 'comic opera,' as Broadway unhappily knows it, but genuine, delightful opéra comique, with artists drawn from Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and other foreign cities, as well as home singers and a contingent from the Metropolitan Opera House.

"The plan is not to build a theatre especially for the sake of American plays. In presenting plays from all countries, it will aim to do for the drama in America what has been done here for the other arts. The best works, both contemporary and ancient, will be produced, and neither the plays of Shakespeare nor of Ibsen, the Greek tragedies, or such modern dramatists as Hauptmann or Sudermann, Pinero, or Augustus Thomas would be excluded. The size of the theatre will not be particularly gigantic. Its capacity will be about 2,000. This comparative smallness will be of the greatest advantage in the production of light opera. At present, owing to the large size of the Metropolitan Opera House, we either do not get light opera at all or hear it occasionally so disguised as not to be recognized. When 'Mignon' was given, for instance, it was not successful because the dialogue had to be bawled so as to be heard all over the enormous house. In the new theatre we can do things better."

It is amusing to note

how the Philistine press, which scoffed at the promoters of the National Art Theatre Society as wild, long-haired dreamers are crawling on their bellies now that they find the millionaires really mean business. Before, it was merely a dream fit only for derision; now, it is a public-spirited enterprise worth columns of space, simply because the money bags are opened!

Of Mr. Conried's fitness to direct a theatre of this importance there can be no question. We have always insisted that Heinrich Conried was the only man in sight whose peculiar equipment fitted him for such a post. In our August issue we wrote:

"It would be difficult to find a man better suited than Mr. Conried for the directorship of such a theatre. He is as familiar with the practical side of the stage as with its literature. He is a man of culture and fine literary taste. He has also remarkable executive ability and knows good acting when he sees it. More than this, he has proved his competence, not only by his success as head of the most important opera house in the world, but by the high standard of his German performances in the Irving Place Theatre."



Marceau

MISS DORIS KEANE  
As she appears in the second act of "De Lancey"

# THE PEOPLE vs. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

**I**N interdicting further performances of George Barnard Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," Police Commissioner McAdoo did no more than his duty. All right thinking men and women commended his action. The offence against public decency was flagrant. Bad enough in the library, the play is wholly unfit for public representation. We have no official censor of the playhouse—perhaps it would be undesirable to create one—but a free stage does not mean unbridled license. Anarchy is as intolerable in the drama as on the stump, and all such impudent attempts to corrupt the morals of the community and poison the air of our theatres should properly receive drastic treatment at the hands of the authorities. Considered merely as a business proposition, Arnold Daly's ill-advised action will work incalculable harm to theatres everywhere. Religious and other prejudices have for years kept thousands from the theatre. Of recent years this prejudice had been to some extent overcome, thanks largely to improved conditions within the playhouse itself, but the ill-effects of this nasty Shaw play are likely to be felt for a generation.

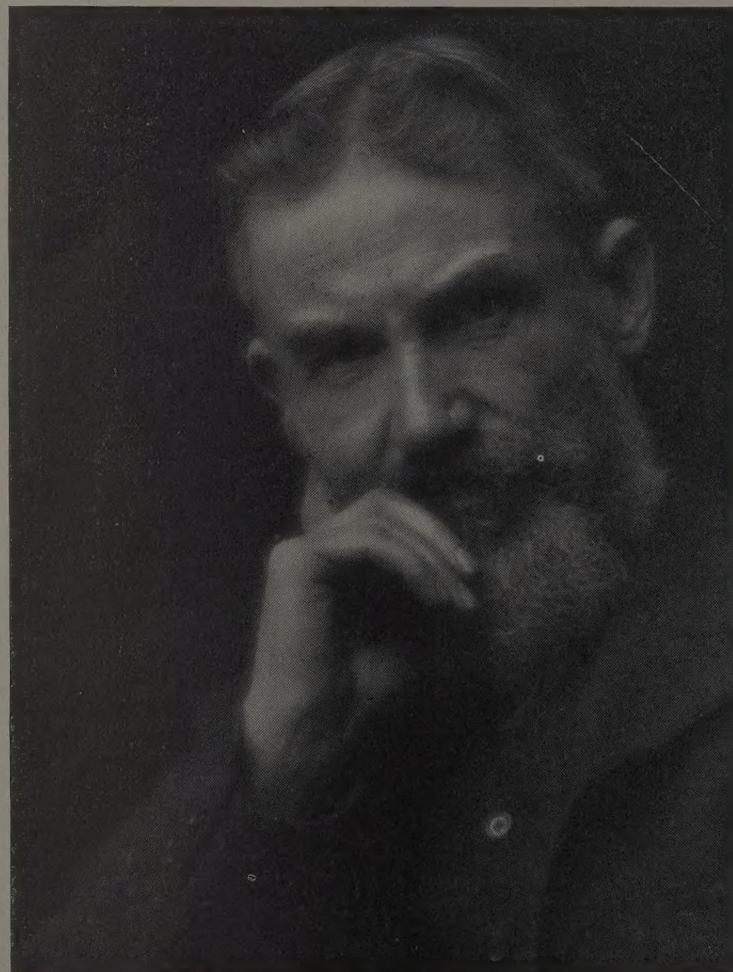
It is not a question of barring plays which deal frankly with social problems, as Mr. Shaw speciously would have us believe. We are not among those who regard the theatre as a place of amusement only. We have ever urged the power of the stage as a social educator, and those writers of unquestionable sincerity who have used this medium to address the people have had our attention and respect. Such dramatists are, in Norway, Ibsen and Bjornson; in France, Dumas fils, Becque, Brieux; in Germany, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Fulda; in Russia, Tolstoi and Gorki; in England, Henry Arthur Jones; and in America, the late James A. Herne. Among the plays breathing a noble spirit of altruism there is no finer example than Herne's "Margaret Fleming," in which a mother takes to her breast the innocent bastard offspring of her adulterous husband. Such plays, sad as they may be in theme, are ennobling, while Shaw's are only degrading. Our quarrel with Shaw, therefore, is not because he deals with social problems, but because his own system of philosophy—if, indeed, he has one—is tainted and dangerous for weak minds. There is no worthy motive in any of his plays. He tears down without rebuilding. There is no compensation. Most of his characters are vile, with detestable views of life. It is impossible to see one of his plays and feel the better for it. The effect is just the other way, and herein lies the danger of their public presentation. Shaw is a literary anarchist, and, like the political anarchist, he has no better world to substitute for that he attacks and would destroy.

The THEATRE MAGAZINE, almost alone among

the American press, sprung the first alarm on the occasion of the production of Shaw's other piece, "Man and Superman." While conceding the brilliancy of its satire, we insisted that the play was anarchistic in tendency and abhorrent in its teaching, and this view is upheld by that distinguished sociologist, Dr. Felix Adler, who denounced the play at the meeting of the New York Ethical Society on November 5 last. In regard to "Mrs. Warren's Profession," the New York press was in complete accord. "The limit of stage indecency," says the *Herald*; "Of vicious tendency in its exposition, but also depressingly stupid," says the *Times*; "Pestilential!" says the *American*; "An affront to decency and a blot on the theatre," says the *Tribune*; "A humorous contemplation of some of the vilest and most repulsive ingredients of human nature," says the *Evening Post*. We are loath to pollute these pages with a detailed description of this play, but as a matter of stage history the following brief outline of its unsavory story and repulsive characters is given here:

Mrs. Warren, a child of the slums, has become a courtesan and owns disreputable houses all over Europe. Her profession has brought her wealth. She has a daughter, Vivie, educated in England in ignorance of her mother's real character. This clever young daughter of a vile mother is in love with Frank, the flippant, good-for-nothing son of a clergyman. The mother goes to England to visit Vivie, and with her are two men, Praed, an artist, with weak morals, and Crofts, a dissolute baronet, who is the business partner of Mrs. Warren in her "profession." Crofts would like to marry Vivian, but is in doubt about her parentage. He is not sure but that she is his own daughter. Nevertheless, he presses his suit through three acts. Then it develops that the clergyman was a former intimate of Mrs. Warren, and Crofts asserts that he must be Vivie's father. When the girl rejects his suit in favor of Frank he blocks the match by telling the young couple they are brother and sister. Mrs. Warren tells her daughter all the revolting details of her life of shame, and glories in it, as it saved her and "Liz," her sister, the drudgery of menial labor. The daughter is in no way shocked at this revelation. Her views coincide with those of her shameless parent, and Vivie admits that in the circumstances she, herself, would have considered licentiousness and sin quite the better choice. The clergyman, who is not made a deposed or unfrocked clergyman, but the spiritual and religious head of a large and prominent church, confesses himself to be a debauchee and a rake—a subject which father and son familiarly discuss and laugh over. The clergyman sits up all night with Crofts and becomes bestially intoxicated; then he starts in to write his sermon for the following day. Frank, in love with Vivie, makes advances to her mother. Finally Vivie casts her mother off and leaves her forever.

Shaw, in the guise of a moral reformer, is certainly grotesque. We are told that we are not to take him seriously, that he does not mean what he says, that he sets up a theory only to knock it down, that it is all a play of exuberant wit, that he is laughing at his audiences. Nothing could be



A NEW PORTRAIT OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW  
A study of this face, with its many characteristics of a satyr, may perhaps enable physiognomists to explain Shaw's strange teachings

wider of the mark. His purpose is earnest and deadly, not the less so in that he is congenitally incapable of seeing the whole of any question. There is absolutely nothing new in his theories; but his manner, force and facility of expression are distinctly his own. A number of his plays are harmless, entertaining and available for production. In all his plays he is wholly cynical, and his treatment admits of no sentiment, romanticism or idealism. His technical process is the true one, not in use, to any extent, by any other English dramatist. On his artistic side, he heads a revolution that is salutary and welcome, but as a moral and social philosopher he is as weak as he is pretentious.

It is all the worse in that the Shaw faddist has totally lost his moral point of view. What is a faddist? He is a grafted. He hopes to get the benefit of a distinction that he has not earned. He does not care for the facts and the truth in the case. It is enough that he can get into the picture. Any expert who understands the process of playwriting could convict Mr. Shaw in the matter of his intent. He could not deny the charge of intentional immorality. The heart of a play is its highest situation, or turning point. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was written in order to have Mrs. Warren make her defense. The play is not Vivie; it is Mrs. Warren. We have said he is a scientific playwright. We have few of them. Most playwrights are empiricists. They have no philosophy back of them. They are helpless until they get, in one way or another, a situation. They treat that situation from the romantic and conventional point of view. That is not Shaw. He is not writing for the sake of uncleanness; we must acquit him of that. It is true that while he does not present pleasing vileness as a pander in the usual sense, he is often salacious in what he regards the cause of truth. With "Mrs. Warren's Profession" Shaw is not aiming to offend decency, for decency with him is a negligible quantity, but he is aiming at the heart of society with his philosophy—which is worse. His whole purpose was to prove that Mrs. Warren was right in choosing her mode of life, that society was wrong and not she. How does he prove it? By her impassioned argument and Vivie's assent. Does he prove it? No. He simply begs the question. That society is defective in its organization, no one doubts. All of us look with a pang on the fallen woman of the streets, recognizing that, here and there, iron circumstances of hunger and desperation may have played a part. The virtuous woman who passes her life in unmarried solitude is also a victim. But Mr. Shaw denies morality and makes his choice of which class to exalt. It is the argument of every thief, law-breaker and moral pervert.

How can anyone say Shaw is not in earnest? If he had never set forth his philosophy fully in essays, we might let the whole matter pass without fastening on its abhorrent aspect. But he does not deny anything. He even cables over a confirmation of all that is not already clear to the stupidest man and the silliest woman. The preacher in "Mrs. Warren's Profession" represents Mr. Shaw's belief that all religion is hypocrisy. The son upholds his theory that no individual owes anything to parents. The Life Force should recognize no parentage or authority. One has only to read his book, "The Irrational Knot." There is no room for misunderstanding. Mr. Shaw believes that marriage is legalized prostitution, that for man or woman the home is servitude and imprisonment, that the Life Force, strangely enough discovered in the world for the first time by Mr. Shaw, a Cyclops with but one eye, is a sufficient justification for every contact. Morality and virtue are so absurd to him that he will not tolerate their possession by man or woman in his plays. The final impression left by *Candida* is that if she had been fifteen years younger she would have run away with the poet. To Shaw all women are prone to evil or, at least, liberty. In "The Philanderer" a man abandons a woman of advanced views who believes that marriage is an irrational knot. She marries someone else in the play. In the three plays indicated practically all are vile. There is a vista of vileness for those who are untouched in the action.

If Mr. Shaw thinks he can walk through the United States with his theories, we might commend to him the reply of a Yankee

officer at Key West to the Spaniard who boasted that he could take ten thousand men and walk through the whole country. "Yes, if the police do not stop you." This is a pretty big country. Mr. Shaw is among such Englishmen who do not think so. We shall eventually solve all the questions he is stumbling over. We will go over the bosses and the iniquitous thieves with a steam roller and flatten them out. We do not need his kind of help. Let Mr. Shaw listen to reason, and provide us with the clean satire of which he should be so capable.



Hall

EDWARD H. SOTHERN AS PETRUCHIO



Hall

Lady Kitty (Grace George)

Geoffrey Cliffe (Ben Webster)

SCENE IN THE STAGE VERSION OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NOVEL, "THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE"

## "My Plays Advocate Moral Reform!" Says Shaw

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION"

BETWEEN the busy and noisy Strand, with its incessant stream of restless humanity, and the mighty Thames, rolling its slimy waters, there is, like an oasis in the desert, a quiet spot called the Adelphi, with narrow and dull streets, lined with tall and gloomy-looking houses, which seem to have been lulled to sleep by the faint roar and hubbub of the great city. Here lives George Bernard Shaw, the dramatist whose plays, "Man and Superman" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession," have been the object of violent and bitter attacks on your side of the water.

I had not seen George Bernard Shaw for some years. I found the same genial smile and greeting, the same willowy form, the same rather long hair and bushy beard, maybe a little more tinged with gray; the same twinkle in the bluish gray eyes, the same brown suit and boots.

I asked Mr. Shaw if he had seen the THEATRE MAGAZINE'S criticism of his play. He replied that he had not, although he had read extracts of it in the London papers. I handed him the magazine. He sat down and turned over the pages, and, looking at Miss Mary Mannering's portrait, he exclaimed:

"Where do I come in? That is not like me."

I had to admit it was not.

After he had glanced at the article and the pictures, while I examined the very handsome room, the three wide windows of which looked on the Embankment, the walls ornamented with pictures and engravings, the fine book-case and the small writing table, the polished floor with strips of bright red carpet, I asked:

"Now, Mr. Shaw, what have you to say in your own defense?"

"Well," said he of the willowy but not by any means weeping form, "I have no doubt the writer is right from his point of view. But let him buy a copy of 'Man and Superman,' let him read it carefully, and then, after six months, let him take it up again, and then let him read it once more three months later, and let him keep on reading the play every three months for ten

years, and then perhaps he will understand." I said, "Perhaps!" "But in the meantime?" It was an adroit move to draw him out.

Mr. Shaw looked at me in an amused sort of way and went on:

"You know I am an old Socialist, and it is as a Socialist as well as a dramatist that I write. Now, I am convinced that the old idea that Socialism is an economic financial movement is an exploded one. The object of Socialism ought not to be the reform of the economic conditions of the world and a change in the distribution of wealth. The true object of Socialism ought to be moral reform. The old notions of morality have had their day; they are now obsolete and must make way for a new morality—a morality more humane and more in accordance with the new conditions of things, with the necessities and the wants of the modern world. The fact is, that so-called good people are all wrong; and bad people, or people reputed as such, are right. This is no joke," insisted Mr. Shaw, noticing an incredulous smile on his listener. He tossed the THEATRE MAGAZINE on the luxurious sofa on which he was reclining and went on:

"I mean what I say. It is time we had a revolution. Oh! I do not advocate a revolution because a revolution is considered wrong by most people; but I want to educate the people up to a point where it will be recognized that there is nothing wrong in a revolution. My plays advocate moral reform."

"But when the people's education has been perfected to that extent, will not revolutions be a superfluous luxury?"

To this Mr. Shaw assented, and gave his views of morality as understood by his American critics.

"I am attacked," he said, "by Mr. Comstock, who evidently knows more about morality than any man living, because he has destroyed some 93 tons of postcards! Why, I am overwhelmed, I am crushed, by that enormous weight of postcards. But this is neither here nor there. I see Mr. Comstock says he will have every actor and actress playing in 'Man and Superman' and 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' put in prison. I have no doubt he will

if he is allowed to have his way, and I am certain he would like to clap me in jail, too. Well, he won't."

Mr. Shaw chuckled as if the idea amused him immensely.

"Morality, it seems," continued the dramatist, "is an affair of longitude; the farther west you go, the more people claim to be more moral and more virtuous than their eastern neighbors. The Dutch think the Germans are immoral; the English deplore the depravity of the French; and the Americans, in their turn, look upon us, English, as monsters of iniquity and immorality. And so goes the wave of virtuous indignation until it reaches the Pacific."

"But in your play, 'Man and Superman,' your hero, John Tanner, who denounces marriage, becomes Ann's betrothed. Is not this running away from your point? May it not be looked upon as a contradiction, this marriage? It almost seems as if you had not the courage of your opinions."

"Not a bit of it. I am a Socialist, but I am also a playwright. As a Socialist, I have a doctrine to preach, a theory to expound, principle to uphold, ideas to proclaim and to defend until they prevail. As a dramatist, I have to construct and write a play. Whatever may happen at the end is not in contradiction with what took place before. That the hero is married does not detract from what has been said earlier in the play. All the ideas, all the opinions, all the sentiment, all the theories expressed before by the various characters remain. The marriage does not make them any less true. It destroys nothing, upsets nothing."

"Of course, my critics may say that I contradict myself, that I have not the courage of my opinions, as you said a moment ago; but I know my business. People can say 'Coward!' if they please. I am not going to oblige them by spoiling my play, though I may seem inconsistent."

As he leaned back on his sofa, Mr. Shaw certainly did not look as if the 93 tons of postcards weighed very heavily on his manly form, or the denunciation of the "Comstockers," as he called his American critics, on his mind.

"I don't care what is said about me," he went on. "I do not complain when my books are withdrawn from public libraries in the United States, or when my plays are prohibited by the po-

lice. I simply tell the American people that they are making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the civilized world, and that should bring them to their senses. Our old ideas of morality—and this does not apply to America only, for my plays were not meant specially for the transatlantic stage—must be altered and brought up to date and made to fit in with the present social conditions, and to harmonize with the changes that are ever wrought in the social communities of the world. What I fight against is the immorality of the old morality; and I look upon as immoral what 'good people' think right."

Here the interview ended, and the Socialist-playwright bowed your representative politely out. There is no doubt that George Bernard Shaw is absolutely sincere in his opinions and that he really believes what he preaches. At the same time, one cannot help thinking in this connection of a pungent remark in Lord Goschen's recently published book on economic questions. "The Socialist 'ethical' man," says Lord Goschen, "is an hypothesis just as the older economic man was an hypothesis. I am afraid that the one hypothesis will find as little its counterpart in this world of ours as the other hypothesis, and if the economic man is a monster, the ethical man, as pictured by the Socialists, is an angel who will not walk on this terrestrial globe."

Your correspondent failed to detect any wings or even pinions sprouting in the shoulder-blade region of Mr. Shaw's anatomy, nor do I think that there is anything of the apostle about him, or that he has a vocation for martyrdom.

And when I plunged from the snug and brilliantly-lit rooms into the dark and misty streets of the Adelphi, it seemed to me that from some unreal region I had suddenly returned to a practical and work-a-day world, where right was right and wrong was wrong; and I wondered, as I went along, whether things really alter when seen under a different light, or whether principles change when clothed in specious, brilliant and witty language; and it seemed to me that, after all is said and done, our harsh rules of morality and propriety are better for the whole community than would be the more lax, free, convenient and so-called natural code of morals of George Bernard Shaw.

London, Nov. 4, 1905.

P. V.



Hall

Eddie Hilston (Mortimer Weldon)

Lady Kitty (Grace George)

Geoffrey Cliffe (Ben Webster)

SCENE IN THE STAGE VERSION OF "THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE"

## LETTERS FROM PLAYERS

In a rosewood box, a package of letters lie; some yellow and stained with age; creased and recreased with many foldings; thumbed and rethumbed with many readings. Others so smooth and white, and clear, that one can scarcely credit the many years which have passed since the ink dried upon them. All their writers have long since gone the way of all things mortal. Of some, hardly a memory remains; but all were players who in their day played many parts, and these letters, grave or gay, stilted in tone or easy of expression, seem somehow an echo of the vanished past, and, for an instant, bring us into close, familiar touch with their half forgotten writers.

The little note on the top of the pile was written by a great actor; one of the greatest the stage has ever seen. There are only a few lines, but the combination of stately diction and dry wit make it worth preserving:

My DEAR ESTE:

You have my leave to excuse yourself. Our meeting is on no useful design, and our only business will be making ourselves fools, and, some of us, beasts.

The moment you show me how to be useful in your affair, be sure of all and the best in my power.

Yours,

J. P. KEMBLE.

Michael dines with our roaring party—he will, perhaps, be able to moderate any overboiling effervescence in one of our guests.

Few of us associate the name of John Howard Payne with the stage. Yet, during his meteoric career as an actor, he was the idol of audiences on both sides the Atlantic, and his London appearance marked the beginning of the ever lengthening procession of American actors who have become favorites with the British public. At the Drury Lane Theatre, on the evening of June 4, 1813, the play was "Douglas," and Norval was enacted by a "Young Gentleman (Being his first appearance in London)." The "young gentleman" was Payne, then twenty-two, and his performance was received with much applause. For a time he was quite a fad with London society, and then, after a season of petting and being made much of, this same fickle society found another toy, and poor Payne was dropped. For a time he struggled against fate, and then, finding his efforts hopeless, he very wisely left the stage and took up dramatic writing. The follow-

Dear Sir - April 1.  
In reply to your  
note asking for my  
autograph I beg to  
say I never give one  
Yours much  
Dundreary.

Characteristic response of the elder Sothern ("Lord Dundreary") to a request for his autograph

## THEATRE.

FIRST NIGHT OF WALLACE.

Friday Evening, Nov. 16, 1824,

*Will be presented, (first time here) a celebrated new Tragedy, in 5 acts, called*

## WALLACE;

Or, the Hero of Scotland.

New Scenery, Dresses and Decorations.

With a favourite Scotch Overture, & Scots' Music during the Evening.

### SCOTS.

Wallace, Regent of Scotland,	Mr. Wood.	Ramsay, Angus,	Mr. Greene.
Comyn, Thane of Cumberland,	Mr. Warren.	Athol, Kierly,	Mr. Parker. Mr. Murray.
Stuart, Thane of Bute.	Mr. Johnston.	Fergus,	Mr. Burke. Mr. J. Jefferson.
Douglas,	Mr. H. Wallack.	Allan,	Mr. Jones.
Monteith,	Mr. Darley.	Officers, Soldiers, &c.	<i>My Uncle John</i>

### ENGLISH.

Clare, Earl of Gloster,	Mr. Hatchwell.	Bracy,	Mr. Martin.
Lord de Clifford,	Mr. Wheately.		
Sir R. Fitz Eustace,	Mr. Scrivener.	Helen, Wife of Wallace,	Mrs. Wood.

After which the Musical Farce, called

## Of Age To-Morrow.

Baron Wellinghœffer, Mr. Jefferson. Baron Piffleberg, Mr. Burke. Molkins, Mr. Blissett. Servants, Mr. Parker.

Fritz, Mr. Hatchwell. Lady Van Brumbach, Mrs. Francis. Sophia, Miss Seymour. Maria, Mrs. Burke.

On Saturday, (in obedience to the wish of many Ladies and Gentlemen) the Musical Play of *ROB ROY MACGREGOR*, with other Entertainments.

The grand Melo-dramatic Romance of *VALENTINE & CLERON*, will be speedily produced. The *DRYDEN'S ODE* of *SHAKESPEARE*, *THE TALE OF TROY*, *THE PYTHIAS—MARINO FALERO*, by Lord Byron, and various other novelties, will be immediately produced.

Gentlemen holding Season Tickets are respectfully requested to write their names at the Box door, or leave a card; the Managers particularly solicit the attention of the Stockholders to the necessary regulation during the season. Every right of admission will be certified by George Davis, Esq. Secretary to the Stockholders.

Places in the Boxes may be taken of Mr. Johnston, at the Box Office, from 10 until 1; and on days of performance from 10 until 4 o'clock.

Cards not transferable. Proper officers are appointed who will rigidly enforce decorum.

BOX, ONE DOLLAR—PIT, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS—GALLERI, FIFTY CENTS.

The doors will be opened at half past 5 o'clock, and the curtain will rise at half past 6, precisely.

*My Mother*  
*Who Wrote the*  
*Box*  
*Because a*  
*Woman*  
*My Father*  
*Joseph Jefferson*

*Jefferson*

Old playbill on which appear the names of several members of the Jefferson family.  
The written annotations are in the late Joseph Jefferson's own handwriting

ing letter, written soon afterwards, hints that this, too, was a thorny path for the author of "Home, Sweet Home":

MY DEAR SIR:

As I can get no answer from Mr. P—, and silence will not pay bills, I shall feel obliged by your saying whether you will purchase the Italian Opera from me, with all its chances of every kind, and the French one, at an honest sum? And what will you give for the two? Say, so much in hand, and so much on delivery of both manuscripts complete?

Will you think me troublesome in asking you, besides, for a couple of double oratorio orders by the 2d penny post? Yours very truly,

Wm. Hawes, Esq.

J. HOWARD PAYNE.

The passing of Joseph Jefferson seems to have severed, if not the last, certainly the strongest link which connected the modern drama with what is popularly, though vaguely, known as the "good old times." Undoubtedly, we have made vast strides in many directions, and in the matter of *mise en scène* alone, have achieved things undreamed of years ago. But we have to-day nothing to take the place of the old stock company. How many of the "all star casts" blazoned upon the modern playbill can compare with the ordinary, every day excellence of the Fifth Avenue Theatre company, or that brilliant aggregation of talent which Lester Wallack gathered together in the early seventies?

The playbill reproduced in this article, and which was given to this present writer by the late Joseph Jefferson, takes one further back into the past. In itself, it is a curious and refreshing contrast to the present day playbill, with its illprinted medley of vulgar advertisements and stale jokes. How quaint the heading, too, in these days of multitudinous play houses; simply "Theatre." This theatre was the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, managed by W. B. Wood and William Warren, that famous old time partnership which did so much to advance the cause of the drama in America. Both Wood and Warren appear in the tragedy "Wallace," which heads the bill, and in the support we find Mr. J. Jefferson—"My Uncle John," as Jefferson has written in his own hand after the name—who —says William

# The Domestic Side of the Playhouse



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.



9.



10.



11.



12.

13.

Player Parents Who Have Daughters on the Stage

(1 and 2) Madge Carr Cooke and her daughter, Eleanor Robson. Mrs. Cooke is now playing Mrs. Wiggs in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Eleanor Robson is on the road playing in "Merely Mary Ann." (3 and 4) Marie Bates and her daughter, Blanche Bates. Mrs. Bates was seen recently as the Foxy Woman in "The Darling of the Gods." Miss Bates is playing in "The Girl from the Golden West." (5 and 6) Dorothy Russell and her mother, Lillian Russell. Both are now in vaudeville. (7 and 8) Maude Adams and her mother, Annie Adams. Miss Adams is playing Peter Pan. Mrs. Adams is in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." (9 and 10) Louis James and his daughter, Millie James. Mr. James is now on the road playing in "Virginius." Miss James was seen last season as the Little Princess. She has since been married. (11) Louise Drew and her father, John Drew. Miss Drew is now playing in "Strongheart." Mr. Drew is playing De Lancey. (12 and 13) Leslie Allen and his daughter, Viola Allen. Both are now appearing in "The Toast of the Town."

Winter, was the most talented member of the family, and who, had he lived, would have had a brilliant career. In the farce which followed, the principal part was taken by Joseph Jefferson, senior—the finest comedian of his time. Though born in England, he came to America when barely twenty-two, and for nearly forty years did more than his share in raising the tone of the American stage. Jefferson's mother, then Mrs. Burke, also had a part in the play.

The part which first brought Jefferson before the public as an actor of more than ordinary ability was that of Asa Trenchard, in "Our American Cousin," produced by Laura Keene and her stock company in 1858, and which ran for 140 nights. The rôle of Lord Dundreary was assigned to E. A. Sothern. It was a small part and he was reluctant to accept it, but finally made the best of a bad bargain, and gradually added to the lines and elaborated the "business" until it took rank with the leading characters and, in the end, made his name famous through the civilized world. Here is a whimsical note in the elder Sothern's hand:

DEAR SIR:

In reply to your note asking for my autograph, I beg to say I never give one. Yours Much,

April 1, '74.

DUNDREARY.

The writer of the next letter, John T. Ford, for many years the leading spirit in theatrical management throughout the South, was a close friend of Jefferson, and was associated, in a tragic way, with "Our American Cousin," since it was while witnessing that play from a box of Ford's Theater, Washington, that Lincoln met his death on that fateful evening of April 14, 1865. The letter was written from Baltimore, four years after assuming the management of the Holliday Street Theater, and is amusing in its rather stilted tone:

BALTIMORE, MD., June 28, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your favor received. In reply, Jefferson stated to me that he thought his sister "would be the very one for Ariel." She is quite small and very neat, and sings well. I designed her for the chambermaid also. You can formally tender any of those that I mentioned, the salary I affixed to each of their names. In regard to the prompter, he is quite a young man, and has only acted as prompter during the present season, yet he is quite proficient and attentive. I have no objection to giving him nine rather than lose him. His name is Marshall. I have a very good corps de Ballet.

My intention is to commence on Sept. 5th with the Florences, to play them three weeks and then produce "The Tempest," which will give us ample time for rehearsals. I propose offering an engagement to Chas. Wheatleigh for Caliban and Bottom, as I desire to do "Midsummer" during the Christmas holidays.

Your views about the casts of pieces I entirely agree with, and I desire to exact from each and every one that deference to the stage manager, making him the best judge of the character that suits the person. I have the music of "The Tempest." I have also a prompt book prepared by you for me some two years ago and received through E. L. Davenport. From it our artist Getz has gotten up the scenery.

About the company, aside from those I have, I know we will have ample time to fill up. Miss Deylin sings; Mrs. Proctor sings some little; Miss Jefferson sings very well. Mrs. Stoddart, formerly Mrs. Conover, sings very well. My Ballet sing fairly. And now I want a young lady, pretty and young, to play small Walking Ladies, etc. Can you secure me one?

which I shall only have a brief respite  
toward, in middle of next month.  
But I must request you to make an  
acquaintance of Mrs. Macready in  
my absence, and she will do her best  
to supply my place.

Believe me, my dear Sir.

Yours most sincerely cordially  
W. C. Macready.

A letter from W. C. Macready

*To come at as Goldshed's  
disinterested and  
Benevolence —*

*If you can sit  
my cognomen in for  
your feet square in T.R.H.  
I'm word eternally obliged  
from my truly  
Dion Boucicault*

An autograph of Dion Boucicault. Note the early spelling, "Bourcicault"

Mr. Barron is only good for Walking Gents. He is quite youthful, in fact, boyish in appearance, but very attentive and quite well featured. I will give him \$12 per week, which you can offer him for Walking Gents, etc. Spackman, I do not care about. He is very extravagant (Western), and in serious parts frequently provokes laughter, but has an immense study, and is willing. Do as you think best.

To Mr. Wright.

Truly yours,  
JNO. T. FORD.

Charles Kean, fiery as he could be on the stage, was naturally a retiring, bashful man and in the following letter he shows considerable trepidation at having been asked to preside at a theatrical dinner:

ATHENAEUM CLUB,  
March 15, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have been induced, much against my inclination, and for the first time in my life, to become the Chairman of the General Theatrical Fund Dinner, which will take place on 4th April at the London Tavern. You may imagine my nervousness on such an occasion, and my anxiety to see around me some of my friends. Let me hope you will, therefore, join the party, and if possible, bring with you some "good men and true." If you will allow me to enclose you a ticket for the Dinner, I should feel it as a personal favor conferred on

*as a personal favor  
conferred on yours  
most sincerely  
Charles Kean  
Wednesday Feb.  
15 March  
1849.*

P.S.  
*You will hear excellent  
musick & a speech  
from Dickens.*

A letter from Charles Kean inviting a friend to a dinner at which he will hear a speech from Dickens

Yours most sincerely,  
CHARLES KEAN.

P.S.—You will hear excellent musick and a speech from Dickens. If some of your ladies would like to visit the gallery, I will procure them tickets.

Another letter from the same actor in regard to engaging Coulcock for his company. This letter is curious for the mention it makes of the newly invented telegraph:

June 5, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR:

Coulcock is the man for the first actor, if he would do it, and he is a great fool if he does not. I will give him five pounds and all his expenses paid from London to Windsor and back, which you will explain. There is no time to lose, so I will at once engage him if he accepts the part. Just arrange it all with him for me and get him, for he would speak those important lines excellently. As it is essential I should know this by tomorrow morning, send me off an electric message merely "yes" or "no," which I shall understand in reference to Mr. Coulcock. Find him out as soon as you read this—settle the business and despatch my message by telegraph to No. 3 Torrington Square, where they will be on the lookout for it, and forward it to me wherever I may be. Let me know what you pay for it, and on Monday I will send you a Post Office order for the amount. Should there be any bother, you must explain all and talk him over.

Yours truly,  
(Continued on page xii.)

C. KEAN.

## Encoritis: A Protest

THE encore fiend, with his huge maulers and silly giggle, his bubbling, thumping, ear-splitting appreciation of everything that assails his lack-lustre eyes from the stage, has become such a nuisance in our places of amusement on first nights, second nights and all other nights that we think the time is ripe for a fuller appreciation of this most extraordinary specimen of the *homo imbecilis*.

There he squats in all his brazen glory. He has come to enjoy the "show," not, mark you, in the manner in which as a normal human being he would enjoy anything else, by finely discriminating between what he likes and what he does not like; but he has come to enjoy—"take in"—this particular part of his day's more or less diverting experiences by a solemn compact with himself, not to be bamboozled, cozened, or thimble-rigged out the equivalent for the two dollars he laid down at the box-office. And if the play is execrable, if the actors are doing their unspeakable worst, if there is in all the dreary stuff never a smile or a real emotion—no matter. Go to! He'll have his penny'orth of excitement willy-nilly. He'll have his hands do the work that his judgment ought to be doing, if judgment the good God had given him. And while the rest of the audience wants to cool its heels in the lobby and its throat at the replenishing station next door, this maudlin vulgarian, exquisitely titillated by the work of his marvelous palms, has the curtain up again and again until the players themselves sneak knowing winks at one another, and even the manager looks at the arabesques in the carpet to keep a straight face. The Briareus of the stalls—who will deliver us from the body of this iniquity!

All our theatres are now equipped with opera glasses and acousticons. Why not hang from the back of each seat a box containing a huge watchman's rattle? Ah! that would be worth while. For a dime the fist-yammerer could then make Rome howl—even if they had not succeeded in doing so on the stage; make each particular hair on each particular bald head to stand on end like javelins upon the fretful elephant, and drive each decent and self-respecting playgoer into the street, leaving the auditorium wholly in the hands of the high priests of hubbub.

Have you never been awakened out of a sound sleep at the end of act three when all the air a solemn stillness holds by "Speech!" "Speech!" "Speech!"? That is the tertiary stage of encoritis. Nobody wants to deliver a "speech," nobody wants to hear a "speech," nobody who is anybody asked for a "speech"—but behold! the Palm has annexed a larynx, and tongues have sprouted on the night. The author, the manager, the star, anybody, will satisfy this unfortunate who has come among us. Just to see a real live man appear between the footlights and the fallen curtain, and hear those inspiring words: "Ladies and gentlemen, in the name of the company and myself—," and all the rest of the platitudinous palaver that goes by the name "speech"—just to hear that and nothing more, brings the bliss that passeth understanding to the soul of the encoritic and satisfies him until the last act, when, emerging from his trance at seeing *particeps criminis* before the curtain, he will yet linger for a good-night love-tap.

Applause—the real simon pure article—is something that brings as much joy to the auditor who never applauds—we all know him, the fellow whose face is pipe-jointed to his Dignity, and who is afraid to let out a link in his macadamized attitude—as to the players on the stage. In the third act of "Zira," when Margaret Anglin spins the web of despair all about her to break it in a whirlwind of defiance and then collapses into a heart-splitting confession, or when James K. Hackett in a splendid outburst pronounces his now famous anathema maranatha on the lady cigarette smokers and the finely upholstered man-killers of Mayfair, and in mighty vocables and unsterilized staccato smashes the smart set to infinitesimal flinders that pretty nearly knocks down the Coca-Cola sign in Long Acre Square, the audience is

(Continued on page x.)



Hall

MISS MAUDE LAMBERT IN "THE WHITE CAT"

# How Augustus Thomas Writes His Plays

INTERVIEWS WITH AUTHORS—No. 2

"**T**HREE are three ways of writing plays," said Augustus Thomas, as he helped himself to a round of well browned toast. "The first kind of writer starts with a story he can get anywhere—it need not necessarily be his own—and then he sets to work to give life to that story. The second kind of writer is the one who finds or conceives a very strong situation, and writes up to that and down from it. The third type is the one who starts with a set of characters or with one character, and lets them work out their own story."

We were sitting in the cosy breakfast-room of Mr. Thomas' picturesque home, "The Ramble," at New Rochelle, on a rainy morning, the day before the first performance of "De Lancey," which Mr. Thomas wrote for John Drew. Outside the wind blew dismally, September's prophecy of what November might bring, and little gusts of stinging rain blew sharply against the broad window panes. The leaves of the clinging woodbine shivered, and the shrubs in the garden looked woefully bedraggled and forlorn. But within there was the delicate aroma of new-made coffee and crisp, brown toast, while the bowl of golden oranges added a glowing bit of color to the breakfast table, with its service of old blue china and silver. Mr. Thomas was a late arrival for the morning repast, for he had been busy for three weeks with "De Lancey" rehearsals and said he was a bit tired.

Through an open doorway, his two children, a handsome boy of eleven and a bright-eyed little girl of seven, were playing an amateur game of pool, and the music of their childish voices and gay young laughter brought a pleasant light to the father's eyes that was good to see.

"And which type of man are you, Mr. Thomas?" asked the interviewer; "which of the three methods do you employ in writing a play?"

"The third," he replied laconically, as he buttered a second slice of toast. "I begin with a group of characters and let them live together for a while, and they make their own story. If the public is disappointed, I'm not, for I have no idea how the thing will end. I haven't thought how it will work out—they develop their own story, you see. Under these conditions if a man tried to bind his characters by conventions they would smell of the theatre.

"How long do I think about my characters? Oh, that depends; sometimes a year, sometimes two, sometimes not longer than six months. The work of a play is all done when the writing is commenced. That is the mere mechanical part."

After Mr. Thomas has his drama well in mind—when his dream-people have lived together, had joys and sorrows, and developed, through situations, a plot, he sketches the story orally to the manager for whom he is writing the piece. If this résumé proves satisfactory he then writes a scenario, a composite



Photo Rosch

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

picture of the piece, and then follows the play in detail, scene by scene, act by act, in regular sequence.

"The divisions into scenes and acts? Oh, it isn't a question of division, but of construction. Scenes are a necessity. They are the anatomy of the thing. You can't measure them off with a yard stick."

"Does not your environment affect your work?"

"Other things being equal, it does not. I can work and write anywhere. As for incidents which suggest my plays, as a man gets along in life he draws on his own observation; every bit of experience, of travel, is valuable to him, and he never knows when he is going to need it."

The length of time for writing a play after the mental construction is complete differs, of course, depending upon circumstances. Mr. Thomas has been known to write an act in one

night, while sometimes he is busy on one as long as a month.

"Do you like writing to order, or would you prefer to follow your own inclination?"

"Yes, I like it," answered Mr. Thomas thoughtfully. "If I am writing it for an actor with a strong, inspiring personality, John Drew, for instance. It is a great pleasure to write a play for him. His personality is so strong, so full of inspiration."

"While writing a play for some particular actor must be a great guide to you in the matter of character work, do you not find it a restriction that sometimes hampers you?" I asked.

"Yes, I do, of course, but one offsets the other; it's a compensating thing," replied the playwright.

Asked if, when actively at work on one play, he ever gives thought to another, the dramatist replied:

"Sometimes an alien character comes to me, but I never allow it to obtrude itself too forcibly upon my imagination, or to intrude into the work in hand. I'm no great dab at psychology; they talk a lot about the subjective mind; I don't know much about it," he laughed.

When writing a play Mr. Thomas does not give his characters literal names. He leaves the christening as one of the finalities. Instead, he designates his hero as "A Man," his heroine as "A Woman," while a secondary male character might appear in the first draft as "His Friend," and the opposite female character as "Her Friend." These names bear the same relation to the people they stand for as a modiste's dummy models do to the frocks which are draped and fitted upon them. They serve for the fittings and the drudgery.

"What do you consider the relative strength of a dramatized novel and a play which has been a drama from its first inception?"

Mr. Thomas thought for a moment, and then he answered:

"There is a disposition to be weaker when the piece has been in book form. Now mind, I do not say necessarily weaker—many

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF PLAYERS



ROBERT MANTELL AS RICHARD III.

of them are not—but there is that tendency—one is apt to crowd in more extraneous stuff because it was in the book."

"How do playwrights feel on a first night; are they excited and nervous, or calm and cool?"

"I do not know how playwrights feel on a first night," replied Mr. Thomas with a quiet smile, "I know only how one playwright feels. It is, of course, an occasion of very great anxiety. Nat Goodwin gave the best definition of a first night when he said, 'As far as excitement goes, it is a horse race that lasts three hours.' The success of a first night does not necessarily mean the success of the piece, however; some of the most terrific failures have had all of the color of success the first night.

"When is one sure that his play is a go? Well, one has more confidence if it goes well on the second night, but one can't be sure it is a real success for two or three weeks."

"Do you get as much pleasure out of a big hit now as you did the first time?"

"Well, it is different," he answered, fingering his orange knife nervously. "At first the pleasure is like that felt in a successful 'stunt' of any kind, but after a while you get used to it, and look at it more as a plain business proposition."

Speaking again of his characters "working out their own salvation," Mr. Thomas cited the case of "The Earl of Pawtucket," which was written for Lawrence D'Orsay.

"Naturally," said the dramatist, "you take an Englishman of D'Orsay's pronounced type. Then you associate him in your

mind with a girl. Next the question arises, 'Who is she?' 'What is she?' and the story begins to work itself out."

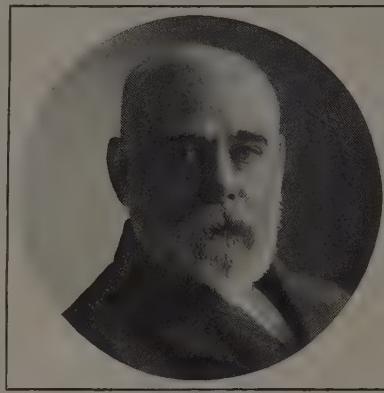
Mr. Thomas says that he is always looking ahead about a year and keeps working ahead of the market at least that time. The past two years he has spent the greater part of the time in Paris, and he expects to return there this winter, after the production of his new play, "The Embassy Ball," which was also written for D'Orsay. The past summer Mr. Thomas and his family spent at their summer place at East Hampton, on Long Island.

"In what are you interested, apart from your work, in which you are particularly interested?"

"I do not know of anything, aside from my work, in which I am not interested," answered the dramatist, smiling.

"Not a fad, or (an aside)—a relaxation?" I asked vaguely. If he had been secretly laughing before, he was smiling this time openly, and such a pleasant smile it is that comes to the usually grave lips, that it helps to dispel that feeling of awe which envelops one when in presence of Men Who Have Done Things.

No, Mr. Thomas hasn't a fad, if by fad one means the collecting mania. He does not collect candlesticks nor teapots, nor old armour, nor even trousers, like d'Annunzio. He is not unreservedly addicted to paintings, though he is fond of art, is a good judge of it and has several particularly fine canvases on his walls. Augustus Thomas has no fad acknowledged as such, and is a very robust, normal man, but I fancy his fondness is for the sea—a wide expanse of tumbling green water with blue



REV. JOHN SNYDER  
Pastor of a Congregational Church at Wellesley Hills, Mass., and author of the melodrama "As Ye Sow," successfully produced in Chicago



SCENE IN "BABES IN THE WOOD," CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME WHICH IS COMING TO THE CASINO, NEW YORK

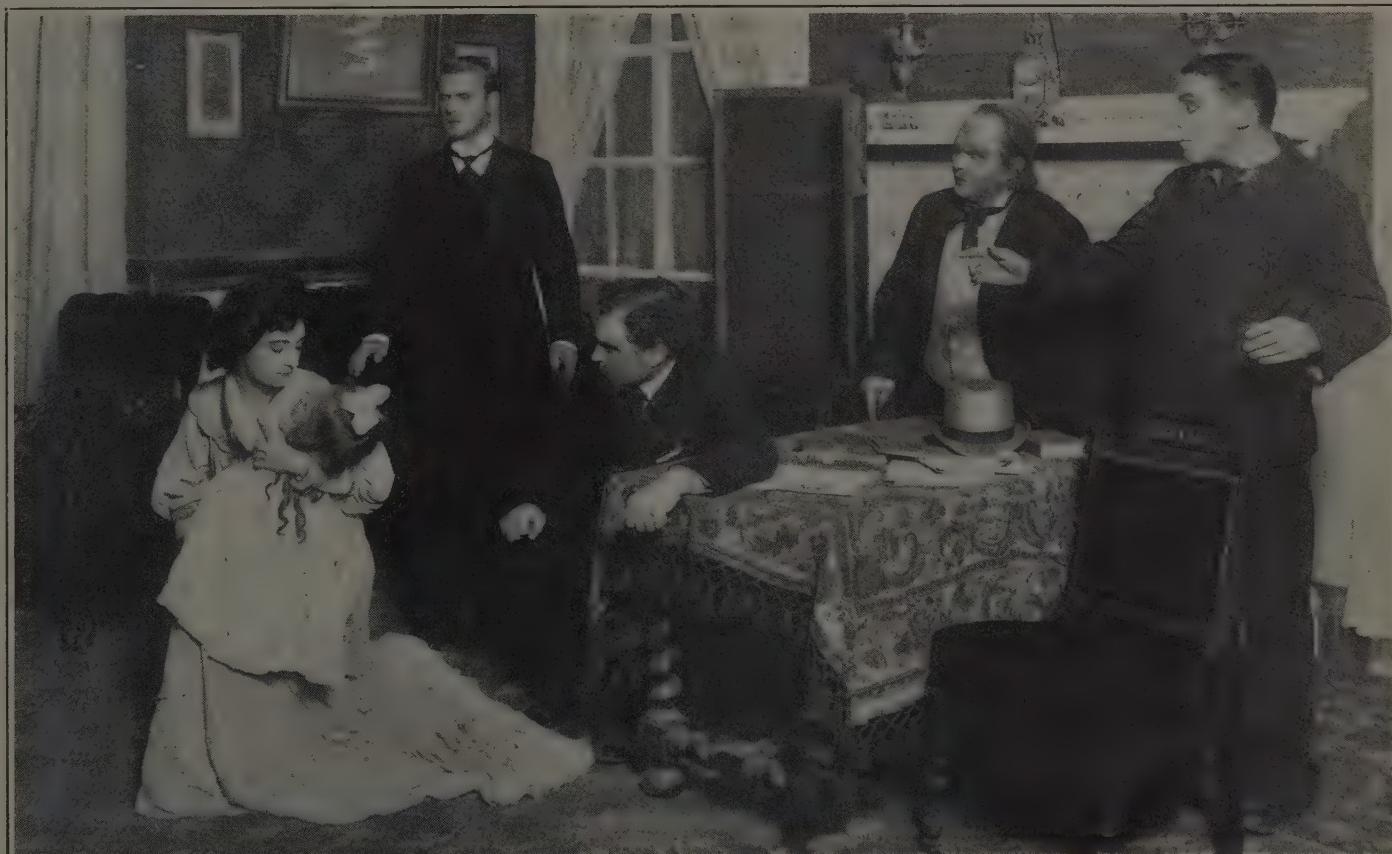
lights in it, and white crested waves, and spray-dashed cliffs; the freshness of salt breezes, the wild cry of the sea bird. He said nothing about his love for the sea, but I noticed that his finest art gems are marines, one beautiful surf scene having been painted by Simpson for the broad space it occupies over the wide-throated fireplace in the living room. Over it is this quotation from "Snowbound": "*What matter how the north wind wave.*" Another superb canvas in the blues and greens that an artist loves is the brush work of Lionel Waldon, an American artist living in Paris. This picture was quite the rage in Paris last year, and won a medal at the 1904 Salon. Then, too, the playwright's summer home is on the water, and aquatic sports appeal to him strongly. He is very fond of sailing, rowing and swimming, and his cat-boat, "Kibosh," has taken him many a pleasant trip.

Strong, sturdy Americanism is the keynote of Augustus Thomas' life and character. He expresses it in the ample lines of his thick-set figure; in the set of his shoulders; in the firm, determined contour of chin and nose and brow. The clear, gray-blue eyes are practi-

cal eyes; there is in them no element of the languorous dreamer or the dilettante. They are keen, businesslike sort of eyes—eyes that have a way of looking you squarely in the face and taking your measure at a glance. They are not eyes that depend on other eyes for their life or expression. They are independent eyes. One feels instinctively when in the presence of this man that his taste is for the unlimited out-of-doors rather than the restrictions of the drawing-room, and this is strongly reflected in his work. Those of his plays that have succeeded best have dealt with the open. He admits that he never feels quite happy in the drawing-room. He much prefers a cross-country ride to hounds, a tussle with wind and wave in his faithful cat-boat, an afternoon on the links—for his is the active, rather than the passive, the self-assertive rather than the submissive nature. He is of the strong, robust build, with a head set very firmly upon a pair of broad shoulders. He is clean shaven, and has the prognathous jaw and determined mouth of the man who "gets there." If his eyes do not reveal what is behind



Helen Mac Gregor      Frank Gillmore      Little Olive Wright  
(the wife)                (the good brother)                (the child)  
ACT III. "AS YE SOW." THE SHADOW IN THE HOME



SCENES IN THE MELODRAMA, "AS YE SOW," WRITTEN BY A MASSACHUSETTS CLERGYMAN AND PRODUCED IN CHICAGO WITH SUCCESS. The play deals with the two sons of a Cape Cod minister. One is upright; the other is wayward, with a wife and child whom he abandons. The wife falls in love with the good brother and, believing her husband drowned, is going to church to be married when the missing husband turns up. Complications ensue until the husband goes away to die as an enlisted soldier in Cuba.

them, quiet merriment lurks in their depths, spiced not infrequently with just a dash of sarcasm. One feels that this man can be very sarcastic.

Like most authors and dramatists, Augustus Thomas served his apprenticeship in daily newspaperdom, and for a time his dramatic work was carried on hand in hand with journalism. He was born in St. Louis, and his education, after his boyhood days, was completed in the limitless school of the world. For a time he was traveling reporter for the New York *World*, and he also did illustrating for that paper, for he has considerable talent as an artist. He was a reporter for the *Post-Dispatch*, and for a time was with the Kansas City *Times*. Later he owned and conducted the Kansas City *Mirror*. He also wrote short stories.

"I liked newspaper work," he said, "and I did not give it up

Later he came to New York and became attached to the Madison Square Theatre, under A. M. Palmer, in a literary capacity, and here he made his first real hit, with a one-act play called "A Man of the World," which he wrote for Maurice Barrymore. This little piece was so successful that it encouraged Mr. Palmer to try something longer by the same author. The Palmer fortunes were even at that time (1889) on the receding tide, and when the young dramatist from St. Louis offered "Alabama" to Mr. Palmer, the manager had no great faith in it. It was certainly unlike anything New York had seen before, and was so quiet, atmospheric, idyllic that he feared it was beyond the blasé metropolis. But Mr. Palmer had nothing else ready. It was a case of kill or cure, so "Alabama" was produced, with Agnes Booth, J. H. Stoddart, Maurice Barrymore, and other favorites in the cast,



Byron

ACT III. The return of Monna Vanna from the camp of the barbarian, accompanied by Prinzevalle  
"MONNA VANNA" AT THE MANHATTAN THEATRE

when first I did dramatic work, for one must have a pretty good foothold before one can make a living at playwriting."

His first dramatic effort was done in the late 70's and early 80's, the piece being "Alone," which was given a semi-amateur performance. "The Big Rise" was another early play. Mr. Thomas says he began writing dramas in preference to stories because he felt that the dramatic is the simpler form. His first play to be presented by professionals was called "Combustion," and this had its initial performance at Polk's Theatre, in St. Louis, in 1883, with Frank David, a comedian now dead, in a leading rôle. Others in the cast, now well known, were Della Fox, then a little girl, and Edgar Smith, now a prominent dramatist. At this early period of his career Thomas produced his own plays.

and scored an immense success. From then on, Thomas was the man of the hour, and the most promising American dramatist since Bronson Howard. Following up the idea of plays depicting American life in the various states, Thomas produced in rapid succession "Arizona," "In Missouri" and "Colorado." The first named play made a fortune for its author and producers, and "In Missouri" proved a gold mine for Nat. Goodwin. That astute manager, Charles Frohman, having failed to see anything in "Arizona," hastened to order another State play from the same author, and Mr. Thomas gave him "Colorado," a play which proved a disappointment for all concerned. Turning his attention now to work in a lighter vein, Mr. Thomas wrote "The Earl of Pawtucket," a comedy, slight in texture, but with one immensely



Guido (Mr. Koiker)

Monna Vanna (Mme. Kalich)

ACT I. Monna Vanna departs for the barbarian's camp

Marco (Mr. Perry)



Photos Byron, N. Y.

Monna Vanna

ACT II. Monna Vanna in Prinzevalle's tent

Prinzevalle (Mr. Jewett)

Maeterlinck's Poetic Drama, "Monna Vanna," at the Manhattan Theatre



DOROTHY REVELL

Engaged by Arnold Daly for a new production and for the season 1906-7. Miss Revell was lately seen as the wife in "How He Lied to Her Husband." Her début on the stage was made with Belasco in "The Darling of the Gods," and afterwards she was seen with Louis Mann in "The Second Fiddle."

amusing character—that of the insular British Earl, presented to the life by the English actor, Lawrence d'Orsay. This piece also was written for Mr. Frohman, but that manager saw no possibility in Mr. d'Orsay, so Mr. Thomas withdrew the manuscript, and with it made a fortune for Kirke La Shelle. Later pieces by Mr. Thomas have been "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," "De Lancey" and

"The Embassy Ball." A new one-act piece, of which much is expected, is called "A Constitutional Point." It was recently acted at a Lambs Gambol with great success, and has since been secured by Mr. Frohman. The little piece is a skilful blend of sentiment and pathos, and shows the dramatist at his best.

GRACE HORTENSE TOWER.



Gertrude Silva, a New York girl, who has sung successfully in Marseilles, Brussels, The Hague, and Covent Garden.

Blanche Ruby, an Iowa girl and daughter of U. S. Consul, who has sung at Marseilles, Nantes and The Hague

Elvira Leverine, of Boston, in the title rôle of "Mignon," in which she made her début in Naples, season of 1903

Pauline Lightstone, a New York girl who, under the name "Donald," made so successful a début at Nice that it landed her at Covent Garden

## American Singers Who Have Won Fame in Europe

### PART II



Putnam Griswold who made his début in England in 1901 and engaged by Henry Savage for "Parsifal."

Most American singers who have sought recognition abroad there is but one drawback to the European career. It is not love of home that lures them back to the United States—it is money. It looks fine to put "de l'Opéra" or "de l'Opéra Comique" on one's visiting card, as is the habit in Europe, but there is another side to it. Many a débutante has sung at the Opéra Comique for nothing, some have paid, and some have had the magnificent salary of 200 francs a month (just shy of 40 dollars). One of the most prominent débutantes at the Opéra saw 5,000 francs paid over for her début, and one of those who was there two years as a regular member of the troupe earned 6,000 francs a year (25 dollars a week), and she was considered favored. Cities like Bordeaux often get débutantes at 300 francs (60 dollars) a month, and in theatres of that sort singers provide their own costumes. So it is small wonder that having got one's education one wants to earn money in the United States. The great wonder is that everyone wants a place in America in the front rank, at very many dollars a minute, and lacking that, would rather stay in Europe on nothing. There is, of course, an explanation for this. Once bitten by the pesky microbe of continental life—well, the disease is incurable. There may come a Nemesis. Many a foreign singer has eyes turned to America and is learning English, to sing in English opera. Only one thing will save the situation for the Americans—the Europeans have not the voices in the rank and file.

It would require a volume to set forth the history of the American singers who in the past quarter of a century have sought, and in some cases found, a career in continental cities outside Paris, as Marion Weed did at Hamburg, Minnie Nast

at Dresden, Rose and Harriet Behnné at Breslau, and Della Rogers at Elberfeld. The latter made her début at St. Petersburg in 1894, and had three years in Italy before she devoted herself to the Wagnerian repertoire, which she has successfully sung as "guest" all over Germany. Dorré is another American who was trained in Italy and began her career there, and who now goes "guesing" in Germany. She has just finished a special engagement at the new Opera House in Berlin, where she sang such rôles as Carmen, Mignon and Santuzza, which especially fit her. In February, 1901, Enrichetta Godard made her début as Elsa at the Teatro Municipale at Modena, Italy, and, after singing Mimi and Violetta in several of the smaller towns of Northern Italy, was engaged at La Scala, Milan, where she made her début as Freia, in the production of "La Walkyrie," in December, 1903.

Blanche Ruby, an Iowa girl, whose father was for years in the consular service, made her début in "Mireille" at Nantes, in the autumn of 1902. The following season she was a member of the company at The Hague, where she has as associate, a dramatic soprano, Mlle. Scalar (Miss Minnie Plummer of Maine), whom report ranks in the class with Farrar, Lindsay, Abbott and Garden, as a possible coming star. Mlle. Scalar made her début as Aida in October, 1903, and in the two seasons she has sung in Holland has become a great favorite. She has one more year to sing there—her contract called for three—and then, if the opinion of Van Dyke, who has sung with her, is worth anything, she will be heard from, as she would have been before had special correspondents been as rife in The Hague as they are in Paris.

Another American who has sung with considerable success at The Hague is Gertrude Silva, a clever New York girl, who has a remarkably sweet and well trained soprano voice. She made her début at The Hague in 1901 in the title rôle of "Lucia da Lammermoor," and then was engaged as prima donna soprano at the La Monnaie Theatre, Brussels. At Covent Garden, Miss Silva sang in "Rigoletto" in the place of Melba.

In the autumn of 1903 the Carl Rosa company had as a

special star, Cecile Talma, of New York, who was with the company the entire season, and on her return to New York, in the autumn of 1904, was engaged as understudy in the Metropolitan company, with which she traveled, singing one of the Flower maidens in "Parsifal." In the autumn of 1902, Maria Tiziano, whom Bostonians know as Marion Titus, made her début at Varassi, in Italy, in "Traviata," singing the next season at Casena and the season of 1904-5 at the Royal Opera at Oporto. She will, it is said, be heard next season at Covent Garden.

Italy has seen a number of débuts since then, although in these days a début there is harder to secure than anywhere in the world, if you except America, and rarely is secured, save at some price, and often missed, even after the price is paid—it is so easy to reject a débutante, even at a dress rehearsal, or to arrange a failure! In one season at the Teatro Bellini, Naples, where the great Caruso sang in the days before he was famous, there were no less than four American girls who made a first appearance. In January, 1904, pretty Alice Nielsen appeared there, and in the April following three American girls appeared there inside three weeks. On March 26 Beatrice Wheeler sang Leonora in "Favorita," and just a week later Elvira Leverine, another Boston girl, appeared as "Mignon," and on April 5 Elena Kirmes sang Leonora in "Il Trovatore." In the winter of that year—December, 1904—a Mlle. Merlot made a début at Nancy, as Marguerite. This *nom de théâtre* concealed the identity of Miss Bertha Schlesinger, daughter of Sebastian Schlessinger, and concealed it pretty effectively for a time, as she had been announced under the name of La Vallière, which she abandoned for fear of being confounded with that popular little charmer at the Variétés, which would have been a pity either way you look at it.

In February, 1904, Mrs. Morris-Black, a well-known American concert singer, made her operatic début at Nice as Orfeo. There she won applause—and a husband. She is now Mrs. Charles Cahier, and, after singing in Paris with the Colonne orchestra, will this winter go "guesing," making one of her first appearances at Budapest.

About the same time an American falcon made her début at Ghent, under the name of Regina Arta, and sang there two months. This singer, whose real name was Emma Loeffler, and who began her studies as a light soprano, is considered one of the coming possibilities.



HOWARD M. WILSON  
A pupil of Sbriglia. Made his début at Darmstadt, and was at once engaged for the smaller German theatres where he sang all last season



Minnie Scalar (Miss Plummer of Maine), principal dramatic soprano of the Royal Opera at The Hague

During the season just ended one of the most notable débuts was that of a Canadian, so well known in New York, that she may as well be included in the list. This is Pauline Lightstone, who, under the name Donalda, made so successful a début at Nice that it landed her at Covent Garden, where, débutante as she was, she sang on some of the most important nights of the season, being re-engaged for the next two London seasons, and at the same time, signing for three years at La Monnaie, Brussels, which has seen the commencement of many a brilliant career. Miss Donalda owes the courage to start on this career to the tenor Saléza, as Garden owed hers to Sybil Sanderson, Bessie Abott hers to Jean de Reszké, and Parkina hers to Melba.

Covent Garden itself saw this season, the début of a Boston girl—who, on July 21, 1905, made her first appearance in "Un Ballo en Maschera"—under the name of Madame Thecla. This was Maude Bagley, whose marriage to Gaston Mayer preceded her début by only a few weeks.

There are a number of débutantes in sight even now, the most prominent being Katherine Goertner of New York, who is engaged at Nice for the repertoire of demi-caractère rôles, and who starts her career with everything in her favor—youth, beauty, charm, style, enthusiasm, plus a good voice.

Among the American débuts in Paris not mentioned in last month's article, and one which was possibly the most genuinely important of any for years, 4, 1903, when Julie Lindsay (in private life Julie Lillie, daughter of Andrew Lillie, for many years a well known American in Paris) appeared as Constance in Mozart's "Enlèvement au Sérial," which Gailhard had been waiting years to revive if he found the voice. The revival was a failure, but the singer was a success. Miss Lindsay was born in Paris, and is in every way a trained musician.

She is still a member of the company, singing rôles like Juliet, Marguerite, Elsa, and was in the original cast of "Armide." Her next rôle will be Eva. In the following season there passed almost unnoticed across the stage at the Opéra Comique, a Texas girl—Claude Allbright, of Alburquerque, who has since sung with some of the Savage companies. In the following June, another singer, who, like Noria, had graduated from Savage's English company, appeared at the Opéra Comique in "Lakmé"—this was Yvonne de Tréville, who is today one of the most successful traveling stars on the continent,



Katherine Goertner of New York who made her début at Nice last month with considerable success



Photos by Hall

Valli Valli



Ruth Vincent



Kitty Gordon

## THREE PRETTY ENGLISH GIRLS IN "VERONIQUE" WHO HAVE CHARMED NEW YORK

touring every year, as "guest," from Vichy to Moscow, and from St. Petersburg to Cairo.

On December 15, 1902, Elizabeth Parkinson (who has since changed her name to Parkina) made her début as Lakmé to the enthusiastic applause of the American colony, who took a tremendous interest in this début, which led to nothing here, although a year later Nellie Melba became interested in the voice—both were pupils of Marchesi—and launched the little American in London where she has sung at Covent Garden in the last two seasons, and had some success in concert.

While the female American voice is so much *en évidence* in Paris, the male voice is rarely heard. The only début in late years has been that of Clarence Whitehill, which took place on the same evening that Rose Relda appeared at the Opéra Comique. It was a début which led to nothing in Paris, but it launched a singer who has since been heard in America and gradually moved along in his career in Germany via Bayreuth to Covent Garden and New York.

In March, 1904, the first of a group of three Sbriglia pupils who were marked singers in Paris in the winter previous—Howard M. Wilson—made a début at Darmstadt, at the Hof-Theater, and was at once engaged at one of the smaller German theatres where he sang all last season, going on to a more important theatre next October. In October of the same year the second of the Sbriglia pupils, Henry Hughes, son of Admiral Hughes of the U. S. N., under the name Henry Weldon, made his début at Toulouse and sang ten rôles there during the season. At Toulouse Hughes had as an associate the only American tenor who has had a rising career of late years in Europe, David Henderson, who had made his début in that city some years before, and, although it is one of the hardest publics for a débutant to face, had become so popular there that they flattered him by entreating him to return to them, and backed it up by the best salary ever paid an American tenor in France. He goes to Italy this

winter—and from Italy—where? Perhaps to his native land,

In the early winter of 1904, another American tenor, the third of the Sbriglia pupils mentioned above, Hugh Martin, who used to be a church singer at Yonkers and is a protégé of Dr. Curtis, and a pupil of Jean de Reszké as he was of that singer's master, made two or three appearances at Nantes, and then, deciding to devote himself to Italian opera in preference to French, went to Milan to study. In April he signed to open in Odessa in December, and has passed in his rôles in the meantime with de Reszké, who is one of the hardest working men nowadays in Paris. In Russia he will call himself Richard Martin.

Another promising débutant is Edmund Burke, who, like Miss Donald, really hails from Canada, and who is engaged for Nantes, and is considered to have one of the best bass voices among the younger set.

An American singer prominent in Europe now, though he can hardly be called a débutant, is Lloyd d'Aubigné, who, like Noria and de Tréville, got his start in America, beginning at the place where most singers end—at the Metropolitan. After his American experiences as an actor, and having appeared in both of the grand opera companies, Lloyd d'Aubigné went abroad, made a successful début at Bayonne, sang at Antwerp, in Algeria, at Brussels, everywhere with improvement. This winter with a baggage of twenty operas, he divides his season between Nantes—six months there, opening in October—and the spring season at Brussels.

MILDRED ALDRICH.

According to a Paris despatch to the *World*, Mme. Réjane has set up as a restaurant keeper in her new theatre, which, she claims, will be the gayest and most perfectly equipped in the world, resuming all the ideas, American and English, which her world-wide trips have suggested. It is to have an elaborate restaurant attached, where supper, with music, will follow the play in the same building. She hopes so to create a new form of entertainment, an all-night rendezvous for society, a meeting place for critics and "mondains"—incidentally making her own fortune.

*Our leading players all had to travel the hard road of adversity. The fittest have survived the ordeal; the incompetents fell by the way. In this series, actors and*

## My Beginnings

By MARGARET ANGLIN

*actresses, now famous, will themselves tell each month how they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money, often without enough to eat, before success came.*

IT is true that I have loaned my watch to a stage manager to "time the curtain," and not gotten it back for ten years; that I have had my trunks held for a hotel bill contracted by a defaulting manager; that I have occupied a dressing room where snow sifted through the roof, and I had to light matches to melt the ice around the keyhole before I could unlock my trunk. But all these things other actresses have experienced, and they undoubtedly aid in character development and an appreciation of all the phases of life.

They should be viewed optimistically, for there is a bright side to them. For instance, the stage manager who pawned my watch sent it back to me after ten years. That was good of him. And if I had not had the experience with the open roof, I might not have seen the state of Michigan. It is a magnificent state. And as for the frozen keyhole, no doubt that was a tonic to patience.

To go back to the very first beginning, if you insist, I was born in the House of Parliament, in Ottawa. My father was Speaker of the House, and it was customary for the Speaker to live in Parliament Building. My father was the owner and editor of a newspaper, published at St. Johns, N. B. It was called *The Freeman*, and was devoted to opposing the Confederation, that is the union of the Upper and Lower Provinces of Canada. Certainly I inherited neither taste nor talent for the stage from my father, for when he and my mother came to Buffalo to see me my first year on the stage, he went to the theatre, but he did not see me play, for he kept his eyes rigidly closed. My father never saw me on the stage. But my mother, while a domestic woman, had had a taste of amateur theatricals. She was a warm friend of Lord and Lady Dufferin. Lord Dufferin was a relative of Sheridan's, and he and his wife liked the things of the playhouse, and frequently gave amateur theatricals at Rideau House, the home of the Governor General, just out of Ottawa. My mother appeared in several of the little home staged plays, and enjoyed her performances, and liked the atmosphere of the stage. If, therefore, I inherited my bent for the stage it was undoubtedly from my mother.

When I was seven years old we moved to Toronto. There I fell into the habit of "speaking pieces," and the nuns encouraged me in it. Miss Jessie Alexander taught me elocution, as they called it then. She was a professional reader, and her example fired me with a desire to also be a professional reader. At thirteen I went to the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Montreal to school. The French nuns would have none of elocution, but I did not forget the "pieces" I had "spoken." When I was sixteen I came to New York to seek instruction in reading, and in that way drifted into the Wheatcroft School, which was then practically the Empire Dramatic School. Mr. and Mrs. Wheatcroft



Margaret Anglin at the age of 14



MISS ANGLIN  
When she made her début on the stage

were very kind to me, and I took the full course, which then consisted of one year. During that year Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft happened to say to me one day: "There's a matinee on downstairs. Why don't you go down and see it?"

The school was in the Empire Theatre Building, and I went downstairs, paid fifty cents for a seat in the top gallery, cavilling inwardly at the price, for I had been accustomed only to paying twenty-five cents for a seat in the Montreal theatres, and saw the play. Miss Viola Allen was the leading woman, and Mr. Henry Miller the leading man. I admired them both with the excessive admiration of an unsophisticated convent girl. I had had no thought of being an actress before. To be a public reader had been the acme of my ambition, but the desire to act as well as to read was born in my mind that afternoon in the top gallery. When I went upstairs, after the play, Mr. Wheatcroft asked me what I

thought of it. I answered so glowingly that he smiled and said: "Perhaps you will be leading lady down there yourself some day."

What Mr. Wheatcroft intended as a joke happened to be realized in fact, for five years later I was engaged as leading woman of the Empire Theatre Stock Company.

During my year at the Wheatcroft School I appeared in several plays. The first was "Cross Keys," and when I made my entrance I walked through a lake.

My first engagement was with "Shenandoah." Mr. Charles Frohman, when he engaged me, didn't remember that he had seen me in any of the school plays, so that I could not flatter myself that any merit of mine appealed to him. It was rather sheer good fortune, for in the distribution of half a dozen students from the school among the season's plays, I happened to fall to the cast of "Shenandoah." I played a small part called Madeline West, and it happened that Mrs. Margaret Robinson, who played the part of Mrs. Everill, fainted one night after Mrs. Annie Adams, Maude Adams' mother, who was Miss Robinson's understudy, had reported and gone home. I was thrust into the part, playing that of Madeline West also, and while doing my best for Mrs. Everill, under the circumstances, I was not reassured by hearing the voice of Alf Hayman in the corridor saying: "Take that girl off."

I was with "Shenandoah" for a year, and played every part in it. Having done this, I expected there would be something for me from the same office next season, but there was not. I went out with a repertoire company that closed in two weeks. Later that season, I went out with another that toured Michigan, and remained with it a month or so, until I was called home by my father's death.

The next season I went out with Mr. O'Neil in "Monte Cristo," and had a com-

fortable year. While I was with Mr. O'Neil, Mr. A. M. Palmer, who has been my best friend in the profession, and of more assistance to me than any one else except Mr. Miller, tried to help me, and one week took me to the theatre four times to see Mr. Mansfield, but he wouldn't see me. It was E. H. Sothern who gave me my first chance. I was asked to go in front and look at a soubrette part in "Lord Chumley" and report that night after the play to rehearse it. I never pass Madison Square without remembering that night with a little chill. It was one of the coldest nights of the winter, and the private rehearsal was set for midnight. I left the car at Twenty-third street and crossed Madison Square, shivering partly from cold, but much more from fear. I was sure I could not play the part of a slavey, and yet I so much needed the engagement. I looked up from the frozen snow that covered the park to the icicles on the highest trees, and resolved to try for that part as girl never tried before. We had the midnight rehearsal and I joined the company. Mr. Sothern was playing a répertoire of "Chumley," "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," and others, and one day Miss



From a painting by Muller Ury

MARGARET ILLINGTON

This interesting young actress, who had considerable success in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," will be seen shortly in another important Broadway production

of Mrs. Dane my 'beginnings' must have ended, although one has her 'beginnings' all through her professional life.

## Paul Orleneff and His Company of Russian Players

**P**AUL ORLENEFF, who has just inaugurated the first Russian theatre in America, is one of the most distinguished actors on the Russian stage. He is not only a splendid artist, but perhaps what is still better, he is a true idealist. He has proved this by forsaking the lucrative Russian vaudeville stage, where for ten years he was immensely successful, that he might devote himself to the classics of his own and other countries.

In stature Orleneff is not above medium height and so thin and wiry that he appears a small man. His stage career has already reached over twenty years, yet he is now but thirty-six years of age. He is a Russian, simon-pure, having been born in Moscow and without admixture of alien blood. To build a theatre where the masses might enjoy the best dramas has been the ambition of Orleneff for many years. But in autocratic Russia, where any display of altruism opens one to the suspicion and even the wrath of the authorities, Mr. Orleneff found slight encouragement. He determined to come to America, and at last in New York city, down

on the lower East Side, the dream of his life has been realized. The workers are always the natural realists, and his répertoire is markedly realistic, even socialistic, in tendency, for example, "Children of Wanuishin"; Maxim Gorki's "Children of Night" and "The Night Refuge"; Cherkov's "Uncle Wania"; Ibsen's

"Ghosts," "The Master Builder," "The Enemy of the People," and "Hedda Gabler"; Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell," "Michael Kramer," "Lonely Souls," and "The Apostle," by Herman Behr.

Orleneff's methods are thorough. When preparing Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment" he visited many Russian prisons that he might observe closely the actions of accused and condemned men in different stages of fear, madness, despair and resignation. When preparing "Ghosts" he spent many intent hours in hospitals, where he was able to become familiar with the idiosyncrasies characteristic of the affliction inherited by Oswald. When at work upon the lines of a play he walks restlessly to

Virginia Harned, his leading woman, was ill, and I was pressed into the part at a few hours' notice. In that emergency Mr. Sothern let me play Lady Ursula, and so gave me my chance.

Afterwards I joined "The Three Musketeers" company. Mr. Miller was then making up his company to go to the Pacific Coast. He saw me in "The Three Musketeers," and didn't like me very much, but thought I "would do." He told Mr. Frohman so, and I was engaged at fifty dollars a week less, from the fact that Mr. Miller did not regard me at all in the light of a valuable acquisition to his company.

Among other plays that Mr. Miller put on at San Francisco was "Brother Officers," and when we came back to New York, and Mr. Frohman produced the play at the Empire Theater, he engaged me for it because I had played the part before. My services were utilized in an emergency. In fact, I seem to have been largely through my career an emergency actress. But the next play was "Mrs. Dane's Defense," and with the role



Otto Sarony Co.

PAUL ORLENEFF

(Continued on page xi.)

# MUSIC



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CARUSO IN "GIOCONDA"

SEMBRICH IN "ELISE D'AMORE"

VAN ROOY IN "PARSIFAL"

PROMISE-CRAMMED is the most meaningful word of description that may be applied to the present opera season. The list of operas to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera

House this winter is a monument to the energies of its impresario, Conried. More than thirty operas and two ballets are booked to have performance in seventeen weeks of opera, which is a herculean task. Out of this number seven works are to be revivals—"La Sonnambula," "La Favorita," "Marta," "Die Königin von Saba," "Don Giovanni," "Il Trovatore" and "Der Fliegende Holländer." In addition three new operas are to have production during the season—that is, three operas new to the Metropolitan Opera House, although each of them has had performance in New York at some previous time. These three works are Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel," Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" and Strauss' "Der Zigeuner-

Baron." The first one will in all probability be a great popular success; the second one ought to create a dramatic furore, while the last one will probably convince everybody save Mr. Conried that the Metropolitan Opera House is not a stamping ground for comic light opera. This was proven beyond a doubt last season with "Die Fledermaus," but obstinacy is an attribute of the successful man, and Mr. Conried is obstinately successful.

Large sums have been spent for scenery and costumes; various improvements have been made in the mechanism of the stage itself; the orchestra has been increased by eight men in the string department—which latter addition should do much to increase the volume of music, while a cork curtain that has been hung back of the regular one should, theoretically at least, decrease the volume of stage noise. Besides, a new drop-curtain of golden satin is ordered to supplant the color-mons-



Copyright, Dupont  
EMMA EAMES IN "LA TOSCA"



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LILLIAN NORDICA IN "LOHENGRIN"

trosity that dates from the days of Prince Henry's visit to New York.

All this is a background against which some famous voices are to be displayed. Only the principals may be listed here, and they contain some new names. Sembrich, Nordica, Eames, Fremstad, Walker, Homer, Knote, Caruso, Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Scotti, Goritz, Blass, Journet and Plançon are names to conjure dollars across the edge of the box-office window; and this force is supplemented by Bertha Morena, a *Münchener Kindl*, who is reported to have temperamentally good looks, and by Tetrazzini, whose voice is said to be pleasing. Hertz, Vigna and Franko are to wave the big operatic sticks over the orchestra, while on the stage a Mr. Jacques Goldberg has been imported to help precipitate the scenery at its specified dramatic moment. In this latter department Mr. Conried's forces have been lacking. Anton Fuchs of Munich was an admirable stage manager, but he had not a well disciplined force at his command and he lacked the power of forceful expression in anything save the guttural language of the German Kaiser, which mode of speech does not carry the weight of King's English. So the new stage manager has a wonderful opportunity to distinguish himself and to earn critical gratitude at the hands and eyes of the opera frequenters.

There are some weak spots in the entire make-up of this vast company; but then there are weak spots in the personnel of every opera house. Some of these deficiencies can be remedied, while others cannot, so it is sheer carping to find fault in advance. The fact remains that the list of singers held under contract by Mr. Conried is probably the most formidable

collection of vocal chords assembled anywhere in the world to-day. His list of operas is equal to that of almost any foreign opera house—and his subscription list is much bigger! So New York may nonchalantly shrug its skyscraper shoulders at the charge that it is an unmusical city.

To the Broadway Theatre there has come a real comic opera, or a real musical comedy—the present day has obliterated distinctions between the two until they can be found only with a fine-tooth comb. "Véronique" is a

and an opera glass. The opera in question is "Véronique," and its musical composer is André Messager, who, in the Irish estimation of that versatile German, Victor Herbert, is a good English composer because he is a Frenchman.

Messager is the artistic director at Covent Garden, but whatever his duties or whatever his estimable position among composers, he, at least, is the author of some charming music and some exquisitely scored pages. "Véronique" is probably not a classic among comic operas, but coming at a time when works of this genre are written about a leading lady's waist line and then shoemakered to fit her accent, "Véronique" worms its way into the listener's heart by way of his ears. And it does this very easily, for the music of M. Messager's music is dainty and graceful. It is tuneful without being in the least banal, and it is scored in a manner to convince one that the composer did not use a rubber stencil or tracing paper for this purpose. There are moments when the amount of originality of theme is not overwhelming, but the composer knows how to carry off his musical situations gracefully. If it were not in bad taste to employ the term, the whole musical treatment of "Véronique" might frankly be described as in excellent taste.

The libretto of this comic opera is another matter. It was originally composed to a French book by A. Vanloo and G.

Duval, but when its London success seemed assured an English adaptation was made by Henry Hamilton with a peppering of lyrics by Lillian Edlee and Percy Greenbank. The English version is not happy. The lyrics are rheumatic and they are wedged into the music of the lines with a crowbar in some places and a lubricant in some others. Unfortunately, the singing company enunciated the words so clearly that it was distressing. Neither is the company a remarkable one. Ruth Vincent is rather charming and Kitty Gordon fills her part and the auditor's eye. Lawrence Rea sang unfortunately and John Le Hay was the comedian who was funny when he was not too insular. But it was heads and shoulders above most Broadway attempts at a combination of music and fun—and the impression of the music swamps all else.



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(Metropolitan Opera House)



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MME. CALVÉ  
The famous French Car-  
men now on concert  
tour in America

delightful work musically besides being a flat contradiction that it is not possible to compose comic opera seriously these degenerate days of art for box-office receipts' sake.

Another surprise, at the opposite end of the balance, was Alice Nielsen's return to Broadway. She left it about half a decade ago, when people who knew and admired her thought she was a comic opera success. She was, too—there is none so unjust as to gainsay that fact. But then the bee of impatience and ambition began to hive in her *chapeau*, and she went abroad to give her voice prima-donnica breadth and scope. She studied and sang grand opera rôles—the cables asserted that she did it with success. And then, probably prompted by defiance and nostalgia of the great white Boulevard de Broadway, she came home with a vocal method and a precocious press agent. She traipsed into upper Broadway with a company of Italians and proceeded to give Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" in the gaudy and incongruous new Casino.

Miss Nielsen's company—it is not quite fair to saddle her with the responsibility of such a vocally irresponsible lot—may be dismissed with curt verbal nods. It consists of a basso who is almost base, of a baritone who cultivated the vibration method; of a tenor who has a cupola voice, and of a prompter who has a magnificent voice, of virile and carrying qualities, magnificently resonant in all registers, and who boasts a clearness of enunciation that is unmistakable. In addition, there was an orchestra that was a collection of men of different political opinions.

As far as Miss Nielsen herself is concerned, she has poured midnight oil upon her vocal chords. She has studied much, evidently, and has added floridness to her singing speech. But with every theoretic inch that her voice has grown it has gained in metallic hardness. It is not a pleasing voice now, nor a wonderful one. For a singer of comic opera it would be magnificent, but for a singer of grand opera there are many qualities and virtues lacking. To pitch her tent right across from the Metropolitan Opera House and give a make-shift performance of "Don Pasquale" just to further her own ambitious ends is hardly excusable. Good opera singers are almost as rare as auk eggs; and when a really remarkable singer arises on the operatic horizon she does not need a quartette of trombones or megaphones to proclaim her to the waiting world. Let it be hoped that Miss Nielsen is not yet too good for comic opera.

Of concerts there has been an indigestible abundance. Most

ELSA BREIDT  
Talented young pianist  
from Chicago who makes  
her New York debut this  
winter



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HENRI MARTEAU  
Celebrated French violinist who makes his  
reappearance in America this season

prominent of all has been the appearance of a new conductor, Willem Mengelberg, of Amsterdam, conductor of the famous Amsterdam Orchestra, which has won fame and praise on the Continent as well as in London. Mengelberg has become notable as a conductor of Richard Strauss, and the admirable manner in which he led the Philharmonic Society through Strauss' Symphonic Poem, "Ein Heldenleben," easily justified his reputation as a reader of Strauss' music. It was probably the biggest reading, by and large, that this work ever has had in New York. It was put through with a greater sweep than we are accustomed to hearing, and this abbreviation of its time of performance added to the interest of the work, for decidedly the battle scene could stand curtailing. But Mengelberg was faithful to the meaning and dignity of the great work. He imparted a huge amount of imposing grandeur to the pregnant opening part, treated the love episode with magnificent sentimental reference, conducted the battle scene briskly and kept the finale in the mood of exultant resignation. It

was big leadership that Mengelberg displayed in this Strauss work. His reading of the Schumann D minor symphony was sympathetic and lovely, too—and all told it would seem that he would be a great acquisition to the list of New York conductors, should the Philharmonic Society decide to satisfy itself with but a single leader during the coming season.



Copyright, Aimé Dupont  
MARIE HALL  
English violinist who recently made her  
début in New York

season. Surely the Society is old enough to know better.

A contrast to Miss Chew was Marie Hall, the English violinist, who appeared in concert here for the first time in America but a few days earlier. Miss Hall is a pupil of the teacher of Kubelik

and she has much of that glib technique. She is an extremely good violinist, one who, as a girl, promises extremely much. She is not the most finished of artists, for she lacks temperamental sweep; but she is unquestionably a fine player.

The Boston Symphony began their twentieth season in New York and displayed even a  
(Continued page x.)



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HERR KUBELIK  
The Hungarian violinist who returns to America for another tour this season



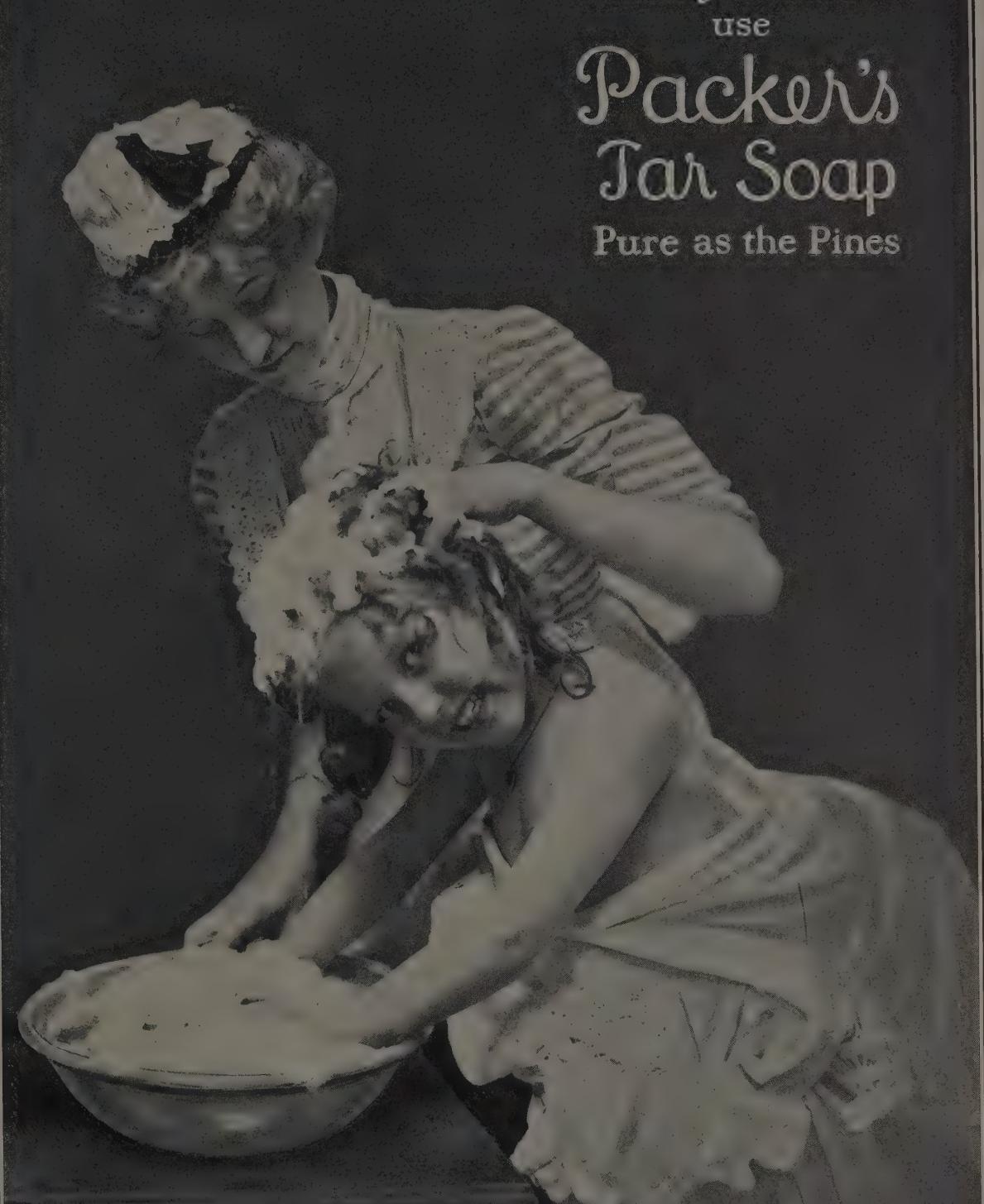
MME. GADSKY  
Well-known German  
Wagnerian singer now  
on concert tour in America



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RAOUL PUGNO  
Distinguished French  
pianist visiting Amer-  
ica this season



BESSIE ABBOTT  
American singer who  
made a reputation in  
Paris and now on con-  
cert tour in America



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## Encoritis: A Protest

(Continued from page 303.)

carried off its feet and fairly bellows its appreciation. This is all very different from demanding of Edna June a repetition for the tenth time of "Under the Beerbohm Tree."

Then, too, this scurvy encore fellow has no regard for the actor or singer. It was long ago officially announced by Mr. Mansfield that actors have rights which the public is bound to respect. Neither age, rôle, nor previous condition of perspiration is safe from the onslaught of the encoritic. His fiendish purpose is never satiated until he has seen all the company linky-hand, then he must see each bored countenance stand in the centre of the stage and bow its approval to this ass in evening raiment. Voices are worn down, but that is nothing to him; shoe-leather worn out, but that is nothing to him—an actor, a singer encored to death, but that is nothing to him.

It was the last night of all Time. Through the infinite darkness there reigned the calm that was to precede the Final judgment. From the east there flared intermittently yellow and purple-green lights, and the last of the earth-men, seeing these things, cowered deeper and deeper into their burrows. But the end had come. Sulphur and ashes filled the universe and giant sidereal systems flashed into flaming pyres, whose flames licked the roof of the Zenith. World rattled against world, comets clove the solid earth of the younger worlds and belched their fires to the furthest spaces. And over against the east, where the first dread flashes had been seen, the Angel Gabriel rose, and on his face there lay the marmoreal silence of eternity, and upon his trumpet that reached unto the last outpost of Space he blew the three prophetic blasts. And from out that grinding war of atoms and stupendous impact of force on force, through the hellish murk and lurid lights of vanishing worlds, there emerged the figure of a man who once had dwelled on earth. As the last trumpet-call died away the man smote one palm upon another in wild applause, and, with eyes fixed upon the face of Gabriel, he called wildly thrice: "Speech!" "Speech!" "Speech!" It was the encore fiend.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

## Music

(Continued from page 318.)

greater beauty of tone color inasmuch as a new bassoon has been added to the wood wind choir. Mr. Gericke unleashed the volume of tone a bit and that made some of the younger concert-goers happier. But his reading of Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration" was too bloodless, and his interpretation of Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony was far, far too refined. The soloist at this concert was the orchestra's new 'cellist, Heinrich Warnke, late first 'cellist of the Kaim Orchestra of Munich. He played the difficult and, uninteresting Dvorak concerto and earned no nimbus by so doing. He was probably nervous.

Lastly there was Mme. Calvé in concert, with a basso and a tenor to keep her vocal company. She was almost careful in her singing, and proved that not all traces of her once luscious voice had gone the way of most perishable virtues. But it was, after all, a chastely uninteresting version of the once famous Calvé and for once, at least, the sensation-seekers went home disappointed. The saner part of the audience wished that Mme. Calvé might have come to her senses a few seasons ago.

The first concert of the reorganized Symphony Orchestra was given at Carnegie Hall on November 14, under the leadership of Mr. Walter Damrosch. The orchestra is vastly improved since it was last heard here, and gave abundant evidence of the careful training to which Mr. Damrosch has subjected it. The strings have good tone, the brass is virile, and the wood wind of exceptional quality. Alfred Reisenauer, a pupil of Liszt, was the first soloist, and he played Liszt's A major piano concerto with a breadth and sweep that aroused enthusiasm. He is a tremendous Liszt player. The orchestral part included Brahms' Third Symphony, Rimsky-Korsakow's "Scheherazade" suite and Debussy's Prelude to "L'Après midi d'un Faune," a work of most poetic charm that was new to this city.

The incomparable Sembrich appeared at her customary song recital on the afternoon of November 14, and Carnegie Hall was jammed as usual with her worshippers. It is too late in this issue to do more than make a mere mention of the fact.

## Russian Players in New York

(Continued from page 315.)

and fro hour after hour. He can apply himself almost unbrokenly for fifteen hours a day, and what he demands of himself he expects of the other members of his company. He is intolerant of slip-shod work. A realist in the truest sense, yet a realist of polish and finesse. Each action must be to the life. Every word and syllable spoken correctly. As a manager he drives his people furiously. Then in contrast to this severity in matters pertaining to his productions, in daily life he is soft-hearted almost to the point of weakness.

Mme. Nasimoff, who is the leading actress of the Orleneff company, is a handsome woman of pronounced Slavonic type. She is a thorough artist and has interpreted all the great roles with mental grasp and power. Her method reminds one forcibly of Duse's.

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MME. NASIMOFF

and gifted players, is the whole aim of his life. Orleneff's Russian Lyceum, on East Third Street, near Third Avenue, is modeled on the famous Stanislavsky's Art Theatre in Moscow. The company which appeared in New York last spring with M. Orleneff and Madame Nasimoff has been materially strengthened by a group of players from the Moscow play-house, who have just been brought over by Orleneff. The success of this enterprise in New York depends not upon the Russian colony, but upon American theatre-goers who can appreciate a higher order of acting than they are accustomed to.

The first production, a drama in four acts by S. Naidyonoff, "Vanyushin's Children," took place on Nov. 3. This was followed Nov. 12 by a performance of Ibsen's "Ghosts," in which Mr. Orleneff gave his masterly interpretation of the unhappy Oswald.

The first play depicts Russian home life and appeals directly to a purely Russian audience. Orleneff felt that while the main purpose of his work in America is to produce the best classic dramas, which are usually rarely seen in America, that he should aim to present a short series of Russian plays at the outset in order to establish a reputation as a national Russian theatre. The "Children of Vanyushin" is such a play, with a slight thread of "heart interest" and dealing with the problem of the home of a middle class merchant, a business man, who, with his wife, hopes to direct the paths of his children, who insist upon following out their own bent even to dissipation, and marriage which does not meet with the approval of the parents. The power of Orleneff, as an actor and man of genius, had little scope in the rôle of Konstatin, inasmuch as the emotional scenes are few and slight, but the play as a whole was a familiar folk picture of the present-day Russian life. In common with many modern plays of this type, there is little action and a good deal of discussion and controversy, which appeals as strongly to the Russian mind as does action to the average American audience. The play will be produced but a few times during the winter.

KELLOG DURLAND.

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**Letters from Players**

(Continued from page 302.)

One of the most gifted men ever connected with the English and American stage was unquestionably Dion Boucicault. In the following letters from the actor-dramatist he makes frequent mention of the success his plays were then having all over the English-speaking world. The date of the first is probably as early as 1843, if not earlier, as his play "Woman" was produced at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Oct. 3 of that year. Note the spelling "Bourcicault," which he adopted at that period:

38 Maddox Street, Hanover Square.

My DEAR SIR:  
I sent my play of "Woman" to you last Monday with a note. I hope you received both. I saw afterwards that last Monday was Kean's ben., and the imposs. of granting my request. How are you off for tonight? Can you shove a few into any private box if all are not already occupied?

Damme, if you are not getting as difficult to come at as Goldshed's disinterestedness and benevolence. If you can slip my cognomen in for four feet square in I. R. H. you would eternally oblige.

Yours very truly,

DION BOURCICAULT.

Later came the great success of "The Colleen Bawn," "Jessie Brown," and the other pieces with which his name is identified. In a letter dated London, Sept. 17, 1860, he writes:

You will be glad to hear that we appeared at the Adelphi last Monday night, Sept. 10, in "The Colleen Bawn" and made the greatest hit that has been known in London for many years. We are turning crowds from every part of the house. But, oh, do I not miss you in "Danny Man." In fact, I can reconcile myself to no other person.

With continued success came prosperity, and in a letter written a few months later he speaks of buying property:

At each city we are turning away money nightly. Tonight is the 18th night of the C. B. ("Colleen Bawn") at the Adelphi, and we have played to £200 a night—without a night's flagging all the time. I am fixed here for the next ten years—and have bought a property in Brompton. Next September I shall have a theatre of my own, and shall also continue my provincial tour.

I am sorry to say that Mr. John Sloan, who came over here, arrived so utterly prostrated with dropsy that there is little hope of his recovery. The people who came over here—I mean Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Drew, Miss Gougenheim, Mr. C. Howard, were all very unfortunate, and all have returned, I believe, to N. Y. except Drew, who was on the point of departure when I engaged him. Emery plays your part in L'pool. Drew plays mine.

I am afraid that you will find New York in a frightful condition. Theatricals gone to the dogs, and as to other places they are worse, if possible.

Yours truly,

DION BOURCICAULT.

Then comes a letter more interesting to American readers, dealing as it does with theatrical affairs on this side of the Atlantic. The letter is in regard to a play which was intended for Lester Wallack. An interesting reference is made to Charles Reade, the famous novelist:

GLASGOW, March 8.

MY DEAR H.—  
I am very sorry that I am not in London to give you a parting embrace. You take with you our most sincere regards—that you know, I am sure—and I envy those who are able to say so instead of writing their feelings. I do hope that you will return, and very shortly, and no one will receive you more heartily than we shall. One satisfaction I have in the matter—is the presumption that your affairs in the U. S. are all satisfactorily and quietly arranged.

I am afraid that I shall not have the comedy quite finished by Saturday, but what I have done I will send to the Adelphi Hotel, L'pool, to your address. Will you see Mr. Wallack for me, and explain to him why I have not sent the piece before? My illness prevented me from finishing those alterations which I find necessary. He must feel greatly surprised at not receiving the piece before this time—and you can make him understand the matter. My parcel will contain, I hope, the 1st and 2d act and 3d act—I think he had better reserve it for the opening of his next season.

Of course, I do not wish it disposed of anywhere until W. W. has first produced it—then—I leave it entirely in your hands and to your discretion. I intend Vasil for Lester.

You will receive a few lines through C. Reade which I enclosed to him for you.

Remember me very kindly to those in New York who care to know anything about me. I am doing such rampant business here and in Liverpool that even my best London receipts begin to "pale their fires," so I fear there is little hope of my seeing N. Y. soon. God bless you—old fellow—I shall write you again from here on Thursday to Liverpool.

We are so grateful for your kindness to the children—which is doubly bestowed on us, when offered to them.

Most sincerely yours,

DION BOURCICAULT.

Here is a letter written by Edwin Booth to General Badeau, the life long friend of the actor. The "beautiful baby" referred to is Edwina Booth Grossman:

DEAR ED:

Just my cussed luck! I was notified that the marble was finished and ready for erection, and I sent word that I would leave today in order to put it up tomorrow or the next day—so I must go. This is a sacred duty but I must confess the interview (only postponed) I hope with Fox would, I am sure, gratify me more. You see how I am floundering about in this, it is so very warm and I've so many things to do before I go that I scarcely spell. Will it not be profitable for me to see her on my return? Can you not see her this time and request an interview with Mary? I know you will

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your foot permits you to quit the house, and perhaps something might be said or done that might interest or convince me more than were I present. Do try to arrange another day if you cannot see her yourself. I will be gone a few days only, and then I'll "put" for Jamaica—I drop you a line from Boston to tell you when I come. I hope you are cooler than we are—the hottest day I ever felt.

Baby is splendid, bless her! Lye to all  
Thine,  
EDWIN (BOOTH).

Poor Janauscheck! Her fate was a sad one. After all her splendid triumphs, to breathe her last in an actors' home! A pitiful ending, truly, for the noble Lady Macbeth and Mary Stuart that theatre-goers of the early seventies well remember. In a long letter, written in purple ink in a quaint foreign hand, the tragedienne betrays resentment at a newspaper criticism:

DARMSTADT, Aug. 16, 1876.

MY DEAR FRIEND:  
I am not going to England next season. Mapleson wanted to engage me for the provinces, but I have no confidence whatever in the taste of the English audiences—drama is for them an unknown thing—or at least it is rooted out entirely. And as I get so many offers from America, where they want me back again, I decided for coming over as soon as possible. I am sorry the *Herald* brought such a stupid, small article about my appearing at the Haymarket; and when I spoke with Mr. J—— about it he said he was not present at the performance, but sent somebody; and as he had no tickets, I think he did not feel inclined to do anything for me. I was surprised to hear it, for it would have been such a little thing for me to send him a box. This Mr. M—— is a most fearful manager, I assure you—weak and indolent in every way. You have seen him, spoken with him, and just like he behaved in the beginning so like was he to the last.

When I shall have the pleasure of seeing you in America again, I will tell you many nice fairy tales.

Mr. J—— whose acquaintance I made at F——'s, when I told him of being very sorry not to have known him before my appearing at the Haymarket, and that I asked you for it, said he had a letter which you gave him, that he may introduce himself to me, but it was given in such a way, that he did not feel inclined to do it. If it is so, I do not know, but it certainly hurt the report, for the report was quite a false one.

Throughout the conversations with him, I understand that he is on good footing with Kate Bateman and Irving—and that party did everything to prevent my praising in the papers. But never mind, they could not hurt the excellent success I had, and was received by the Princess of Teck, Duchess of New Strelitz (both daughters of the Duke of Cambridge), and the old King of Hanover.

This little N—— is a nice bit of a woman—I will tell you stories which you might be surprised at.

For the present I say good-bye and hope to hear from you as soon as possible. God bless my dear friend, all happiness to you.

Your sincere friend,  
JENNY JANAUSCHECK.

A letter from James E. Murdoch, written in 1875, when that actor was giving readings in Albany, reveals the fact that even in those days the industrious press agent was a useful institution:

WEST NEWTON, MASS., Nov. 29, 1875.

DEAR SIR:  
"Better late than too late"—is, as you know, an old saying. The delay in answering your favor of the 22d arose from want of time, and not inclination, to write. Please accept my thanks for your kind services in the way of "audience making"—on the occasion of my late "Readings" in Albany.

I am sorry to say I have no letters of the gentleman you speak of. When I return to my home in Ohio in the spring, should I meet with anything valuable in the way of "pen manifestations" of remarkable personages, I will try to think of your request. In the meantime, please accept of the kind wishes of

Truly yours,  
JAMES E. MURDOCH.

And so they run, memories of past glories!  
Faded little sheets of paper. Such is life!

JOSEPH B. AMES.

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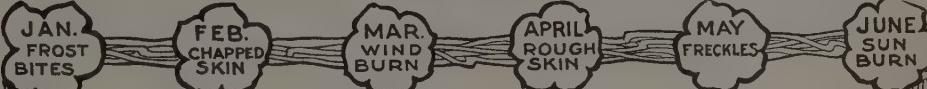
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## Queries Answered

The Editor will answer all reasonable questions in this column, but irrelevant queries, such as the color of this or that player's hair or eyes, or matters connected with their purely personal affairs will be ignored. No replies by mail. Write questions on one side of the paper only.

A. L., Madison, N. J.—Q.—Has Florence Reed any sisters or brothers? A.—No. Where was she born? A.—In Philadelphia. Q.—When did she go on the stage? A.—Since the death of her father she made her début. Q.—Will Malcolm Williams return to New York this winter? A.—He is now in Worcester, managing a stock company. He is not yet engaged for next season. Q.—Is Eliza Proctor Otis a relative of F. F. Proctor? A.—No relation whatever. Q.—Is Grace Scott going to remain with the Proctor stock company during the summer? A.—She is now at Joe Fields' Theatre in "Prince Chap." Q.—Does she use her correct name? A.—We believe it is her correct name. Q.—How long has Dudley Hawley been with the Proctor forces? A.—He has been with the Fifth Ave. Stock Company only this summer. Q.—Has he a brother on the stage? A.—No. Q.—Where is Minnie Radcliffe acting now? A.—She is now residing in New York. Q.—Where was she before going to Providence, R. I.? A.—She has been with many first-class stars and combinations. Q.—Has Harry Woodruff left Proctor's Fifth Ave.? A.—Yes. Q.—Where is he now? A.—In "The Genius and the Model." Q.—Can I get a photo of him with his autograph? A.—Write him care of Lambs Club, this city. Q.—How long has he been on the stage? A.—He made his début at nine years of age.

F. L. Cowles.—Q.—Where has Helen MacGregor been playing the last couple of seasons? A.—She has been with Robert Mantell, American Theatre Stock Company, this city, "Siberia," "At Old Point Comfort" and many other first-class attractions. She has been leading lady in Providence Stock Company and this season is one of Brady's stars in "As Ye Sow."

C. G., Knoxville, Tenn.—Q.—What is the best time to apply for a position as sup in Mrs. Fiske's company or those of Belasco or Frohman, playing in New York during the coming season? A.—Early in August. Q.—To whom should one apply for such a position? A.—The stage manager. Q.—What is the usual salary? A.—The salary is very small for a supernumerary, generally 50 cents a night.

M. C. B., Chicago.—Q.—Who is Dustin Farnum's wife? A.—Muir is her maiden name. Q.—Is Ethel Barrymore married? A.—Not yet. Q.—Is Bruce McRae to be her leading man this year? A.—No.

Dorothy B.—Q.—When was Henry Woodruff born? A.—June 1, 1869. Q.—Is that his real name? A.—Yes. Q.—In what did he play before he came to Proctor's? A.—"Charley's Aunt," "Ye Earlie Trouble," "His Wedding Day," "When We Were Twenty-One," with Mrs. Fiske, and with Amelia Bingham and "Ben Hur."

E. A. L.—Q.—Is Henry Woodruff's wife on the stage? A.—He is not married.

E. W., Brooklyn.—Q.—When did Frank Daniels open in "Sergeant Blue" in New York City? A.—April 24, 1905.

E. W., South Bend, Ind.—Q.—Was Marie Tempest born in London in 1867? A.—Yes. Q.—Was Julia Marlowe born in Cincinnati in 1877? A.—She was born in England in 1867. Q.—Was her Imogen in "Cymbeline" a success? A.—Yes.

Faithful Reader.—Q.—In what will Miss Barrymore appear this season? A.—"Alice Sit by the Fire." Q.—When was she born? A.—August 15, 1880, in Philadelphia. Q.—What was John Barrymore's wife's maiden name? A.—He is not married. Q.—How long has Miss Barrymore been on the stage? A.—She made her début in 1894 with her uncle, John Drew, in "The Bauble Shop." Q.—In what plays has she appeared? A.—"The Rivals," "Rosemary," "Secret Service," "Peter the Great," "The Bells," "Catherine," "The Liars," "His Excellency, the Governor," "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," "A Country Mouse," "Cousin Kate," "Carrots," "Sunday," and "Doll's House."

H. F., Hartford, Conn.—Q.—To whom should I write for a position with the opera, "The Catch of the Season"? A.—Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre, this city. A.—Regular Subscriber.—Q.—Where can I obtain "Shadows of the Stage" and "Iconoclasts"? A.—At MacMillan & Co., and Scribner & Sons, respectively. Q.—What was the object in enlarging the dimensions of the THEATRE? A.—To improve it. Q.—Has Mrs. James Brown Potter been married more than once? A.—Only once.

S. F. S., Cambridge, Mass.—Q.—What is Otis Skinner's address? A.—Players' Club, N. Y. City. Lillian, South Bend, Ind.—Q.—For what paper does Montgomery Phister write? A.—The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. Q.—When did Viola Allen first appear in New York City in "The Winter's Tale"? A.—January, 1905.

M. R., Malden, Mass.—Q.—Was it Eleanor Robson who played in "Hearts Courageous"? A.—No, Maude Fealy. Q.—What is the address of "O. S.?" A.—See the October THEATRE. Q.—Why not have the readers of the THEATRE vote by slips as to who is the most popular actress in America? A.—Such contests prove nothing. Thanks for your kind remarks.

Reader, Mass.—Q.—Where did Virginia Harned spend the summer? A.—In England. Q.—Where and in what will she next appear? A.—"La Belle Marseillaise," in Baltimore, Md.

G. J.—Q.—When did William Gillette open in "Clarice"? A.—September 4 at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool, England. Q.—Where is he now playing? A.—Duke of York's Theatre, London, Eng.

J. G., St. Paul, Minn.—Q.—Will you give a brief outline of the career of Stephen Grattan? A.—He is the son of a clergyman, named Murphy. Has been in various stock companies in the West, also at the Lyceum Theatre, this city, season 1894-5, and quite recently was in a Western stock company. He is now in this city. Q.—Where is Maude Gilbert? A.—We do not know. Q.—Is Maude Hansell to play in Boston this season? A.—He is now the leading man at the Empire Theatre, Boston. Q.—What is the cast of "Clarice"? A.—Marie Doro played the title rôle. Judith Clancy, Lucile La Verne; Mr. and Mrs. Trent, Thomas Barnes and Adelaide Prince; Dr. Denbigh, Frank Carlisle. Q.—When will it be produced in this country? A.—We do not know. Q.—Where is Ben Johnson playing? A.—Nowhere at present. Q.—What is Harold Heathon's address? A.—In care of Daniel Frohman, Lyceum Theatre, this city.

R. H. E., Denver, Colo.—Q.—When and in what did Blanche Walsh make her professional début? A.—Small part at Windsor Theatre, this city, in "Siberia,"

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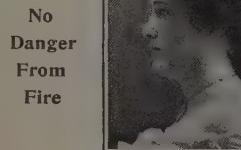
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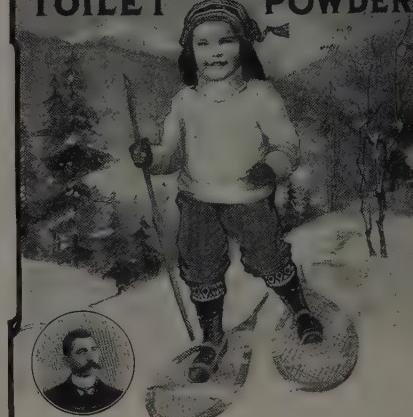


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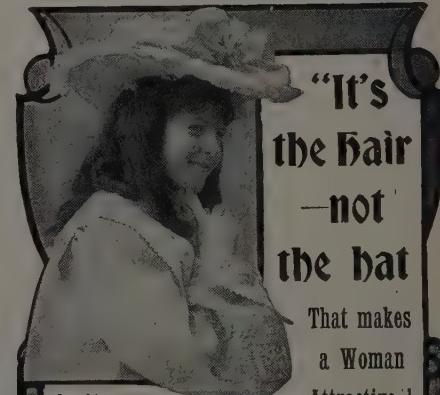
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season 1891-2. Q.—When is her birthday? A.—January 4. Q.—What are May Buckley's plans for the coming season? A.—We do not know. Q.—Who will be featured in "Mizpah"? A.—The company has not yet been engaged. Q.—Will Ethel Barrymore retire from the stage upon her marriage? A.—She says No.

M. J. H.—See answer to "Theatregoer, N. Y." in our September issue.

A. C. M., Jersey City.—Q.—Will you publish large pictures of Aubrey Boucicault and E. J. Morgan? A.—We published a large picture of E. J. Morgan in the September issue. We have published several of Mr. Boucicault. Q.—Will you interview them? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Would an actor or actress send me their autograph upon request? A.—Professionals object to sending autographs to strangers.

L. L., San Francisco, Cal.—Q.—In what is Cecilia Loftus appearing? A.—In vaudeville. Q.—Will George Alexander remain in England this season? A.—Yes. Constant Reader, South Bend, Ind.—Q.—When have you had a picture of Viola Allen on the front cover? A.—December, 1903, and January, 1902. Q.—Will any company play "Nancy Stair"? A.—Not that we know of. Q.—Will Eleanor Robson play in this country this season? A.—Yes. Q.—Who is her leading man? A.—H. B. Warner, son of Charles Warner. Q.—When will William Faversham start on the road? A.—He opened at the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, October 2, and is now at Wallack's Theatre.

Aquila, Chicago.—Q.—Where did Viola Allen spend her vacation? A.—At her country place, Tidaldean, near Greenwich, Conn. Q.—Where can I address a letter to her at any time? A.—In care of Charles Allen, Knickerbocker Theatre, this city. Q.—When will she come to Chicago again? A.—Probably after Christmas. Q.—In what production? A.—"The Toast of the Town." Q.—Has she any relatives in Chicago? A.—None that we know of.

Penelope.—See answers to "Aquila, Chicago," and "Constant Reader, South Bend." Q.—Where will a letter reach Lilian Kemble and Edna Archer Crawford? A.—See answer to A. G. A. Q.—Could I obtain a list of all the places where Miss Adams plays this season? A.—Yes, by watching the route list in the dramatic weekly papers.

G. O. C.—Q.—Where can I get book on how to make grease paints? A.—At Siegman and Weill, 77 Wooster St., this city.

A. G. A.—Q.—Where can I address a letter to Madge Crichton? A.—N. Y. Mirror, West 42d St., this city.

F. M. Mc., Denver, Colo.—Q.—What is considered May Buckley's greatest success? A.—We cannot say. Q.—What are J. Henry Kolkar's plans for the winter? A.—He is in this city with Mme. Kalich at the Manhattan Theatre. Q.—Is that his correct name? A.—Yes. Q.—Will Bruce McRae continue with Miss Barrymore this winter? A.—No.

Eaton H., Chicago, Ill.—See Edna May's interview in last issue. Q.—Will Edna May play in Chicago during the coming season? A.—Yes. Q.—Where is "Home Folks" going to be played this fall? A.—Is now in Chicago.

Miss Bronx.—See the interview with Edwin Arden in our September issue. Q.—Is Jessie Bonestell going to star this season? A.—She is now a member of Proctor's 126th St. theatre. Q.—What is her husband's name? A.—Alex. Stuart. Q.—Is Charles Geavy playing in stock this season? A.—We do not know. Q.—Is Charles Steadman still on the stage? A.—Yes. He is playing with Louis James.

D. D.—Q.—Have you printed photographs or a criticism of "Little Johnny Jones"? A.—A criticism appeared in our Christmas, 1904, issue. See answer to "Chicago, Ill., in our July, 1905, issue for answers to your other queries. Thanks for kind remarks.

H. A. G., Brooklyn.—Q.—Where can I obtain pictures of Guy Bates Post and Wright Kramer? A.—At this office. Q.—In what is Guy Bates Post playing this season? A.—"The Heir to the Hoar."

Roberta, N. Y.—Q.—Where can I obtain a picture of Robert Edeson's father? A.—We do not know; he has been dead over seven years. Q.—In what English play did Robert Edeson's wife make her debut? A.—As leading lady in Charles Dickens' company in "Incog." February 22, 1892, at the Bijou Theatre, this city. Q.—When was Robert Edeson born? A.—June 3, 1868. Q.—When did you interview him? A.—December, 1902. Thanks for your complimentary remarks.

A. A. S., Far Rockaway.—Q.—When was Tomasso Salvini last in this country? A.—March 15, 1890, when he played "Othello" and usual repertoire. See answer to G. E. P.

M. L.—Q.—How old is Cecil Spooner? A.—We do not know. Q.—When will Florence Bindley come to Brooklyn? A.—In a few weeks. Q.—Is Richard Buhler coming to Brooklyn this season? A.—We do not know. Q.—Where is William Whaley? A.—He died in this city some time ago.

A. Constant Reader.—Q.—How do you pronounce "Adrienne Lecourteur"? A.—As spelled.

J. C., Peoria, Ill.—Q.—Where could Jane Oakar be reached by mail? A.—In care of Wilton Lackey's Co., Broadway Theatre, New Orleans, La., Christmas week.

H. D., Great Barrington, Mass.—Q.—What is the address of Frederick Ranken and Henry Tyrrell? A.—We do not give private addresses. Address Mr. Tyrrell, this office, and we will forward. Mr. Ranken is dead.

W. H. W., Brooklyn.—Q.—Have you published a picture of Eugene Sandow? A.—Not yet.

Fenimore, Chicago.—Q.—Can you publish a short sketch of Amy Ricard's dramatic career? A.—We have no data. Q.—What are her plans for this season? A.—She was in the cast of "Mary and John," at the Manhattan Theatre, this city, and is now in vaudeville.

C. M., Boston, Mass.—Q.—Could a young man of small stature succeed on the stage? A.—Many of our most popular stars are small of stature, for example, Frank Daniels and Francis Wilson.

A. Philadelphia Reader.—Q.—Can you tell me something about the career of Marie George? A.—We cannot. Q.—Where is she at present? A.—Criterion Theatre, London, England, in "The White Chrysanthemum." Q.—Will you publish a large picture of her? A.—Perhaps. E. L. E.—Q.—Have you published pictures of J. H. Gilmour? A.—Not yet. Q.—Will you publish one of Frank Rushforth? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Where will W. G. Carleton be this winter? A.—He has a company on the road called "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

A. Faithful Reader, South Bend, Ind.—Q.—Was "The Master Christian" ever played? A.—No. Q.—What is Mrs. LeMoigne now playing? A.—At present she is at Inwood-on-the-Hudson. Her husband died recently.

H. H.—Q.—In what did Sadie Martinot last appear? A.—"Mary and John." Q.—Will you publish her picture soon? A.—We have published it often. Q.—Where can I obtain one? A.—At this office.

A. Devoted Reader.—Q.—How long has Dustin Farnum been on the stage? A.—He made his debut with a Western repertoire company eight years ago. Will he play "The Virginian" the entire season? A.—Yes. Q.—Will he play in Bridgeport, Conn.? A.—Yes.

(Continued on page xx.)

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**The Current Plays**

(Continued from page 293.)

merit," but which our managers are too commercial to produce. It must be said that if these future works should be of no higher grade than those already performed the managers are in the right. First on the programme was "The Revolt," by Villiers de l'Isle Adam, in which a husband and wife, hopelessly at odds in tastes and ideas, harangued each other until the patience of the audience was strained to the utmost. One remark of the husband, "I don't know what she is talking about," was probably the most appreciated line in the play. The second playlet, "On the Road," was not, as might be supposed, a drama of the "profesh," but probably intended to be a "soul drama" by its author, Clara Ruge, who promptly appeared from the wings at its close to bow to the audience which had laughed happily at the sentiments, and not even the only good work of the evening, that of Hilda Englund in the rôle of the Socialist who "wore a red shawl because she was an anarchist," could redeem it. Then followed the most pretentious part of the bill, Oscar Wilde's "Salomé." The genius of a Duse could hardly make this a good acting play, and the leading part was entrusted to Mercedes Leigh, who, though presenting an attractive appearance, was hopelessly crude. Her gestures were awkward, and the attempt at dancing almost ludicrous. The support was still worse, one character playing a Roman with a strong Yankee accent, while the King might be termed Celtic. The play contains many frankly suggestive lines, but these were not as noticeable as they would have been had not the audience found so much that was involuntarily amusing. Nor can there be any excuse for the remarkable abuse of the English language on the part of the actors. "Drowning" is a pronunciation to which a New York audience in the vicinity of Fifth avenue is hardly accustomed, to say nothing of other vagaries. While the aims of the society are undoubtedly such as should meet with the sympathy of a cultured public, plays such as these, presented in such a manner, are hardly entitled to much support.

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the characters created by Charles Dickens are true and virile today as when they left the writer's hand, and, apart from the merely sentimental interest centering in the familiar types we had in our adolescence, one accepts these fictitious personages of the novelist's brain as imperishable types. The idea that Dickens is old-fashioned and out of date is altogether a mistaken one. The recent successful revival of "Oliver Twist" makes this very clear. Mr. Carr's new version was prepared for Beerbohm Tree, who had a personal triumph in it in the rôle of Oliver. It is to be presumed that the English manager gave the piece a production entirely superior to that which Mr. Proctor produced for it in New York. The mere fact that well-worn situations held one's interest in spite of cheap stage settings and poor stage management shows the vitality of the play itself. The scenery was astonishingly inadequate and crude. Fagin's Den and the London Bridge scene were effective enough, but the drawing-room interiors and the grounds of the Homelie residence were wretched in the extreme. But if Mr. Proctor has failed to give the piece as handsome a frame as deserves he has provided a really remarkable setting. J. E. Dodson gave a superb performance as Fagin the Jew. Made up as a species of human being with greenish hues hovering over his sallow skin, bleary eyes and unkempt beard, he presented a figure of genuine horror. It was a masterpiece of acting, and in the prison scene, when the Jew goes mad, the power and truth of the impersonation made the scene almost revolting in its realism. What greater tribute could any actor aspire to? What a Shylock Mr. Dodson would bring to the stage! The Bill Sykes of George Kirkland also was notable, being almost photographic in its fidelity to the popular conception of the ruffianly house-breaker. Amelia Bingham was less satisfactory as Nancy. She was too healthy looking, and her efforts to make stage pictures were far too obvious. Often she was entirely out of the picture. Why a girl should be cast for Oliver Twist is inconceivable. The part is that of a slim, half-starved boy. To see a girl with plump outlines impersonating the shrinking little Oliver spoils the illusion completely. It must be said, however, that Miss Agnes Scott acquitted herself intelligently. The artful Dodger of Charles Abbe, and the Charley Bates of J. Gunnis Davis, were excellent bits of artistic character acting. The Grim-Wig of Gerald Griffin was excellent, and Edmund Lyons impersonated a Parish Beadle to the life. Frances Starr was an attractive and sympathetic Rose. The lights were very badly managed. For example, in the scene where Fagin tells Bill Sykes that Nancy has "peached" on them, the sinister faces of the two worthies are illuminated by a light thrown up from the table on which they are leaning. The rest of the stage being dark, the effect of this is most striking. Nancy comes in and a blundering stage hand turns a strong calumet light full on her face. The artistic beauty of the scene was thus spoiled. Again, when Bill murders Nancy, stupid stage management provoked the audience to laughter. Nancy goes into an inner room, followed by Bill with a bludgeon. Immediately one hears a blow, followed by a shriek from Nancy; then another blow followed by another shriek. At this point someone in the gallery shouted out, "Give her another whack!" and everybody howled. It was inartistic to have the blows audible. Nancy's scream, followed by silence and the stealthy reappearance of Sykes, would have been more effective. The old saying, "God sends the food, but the devil sends the books," may be paraphrased: "We have the plays and the players, but where are the stage managers?"

**NEW AMSTERDAM.** "THE WHITE CAT." Musical spectacle in three acts, by J. Hickory Wood and Glen Collins. Adapted by Harry B. Smith. Lyrics by Harry B. Smith and William Jerome. Music by Ludwig Englander and Eugene Schwartz. Produced Nov. 2. Cast: Methuselina, William Macart; Jonah the Thirteenth, William T. Hodge; Simeon, Hugh J. Ward; Prince Parson, Edgar Atchison-Ely; Prince Plump, Herbert Correll; Prince Peerless, Maude Lambert; Hecate, Harriet Orthington; Mignon, Seymour Brown; Princess Chiffon, Ruth St. Clair; The Fairy Queen, Harriette Cropper; Cupid, Maida Snyder; Populo, Monte Elmo; Aristole, Lathrop; The Mother, Inez Shannon; Court Herald, Robert Harold; First Nurse, Sarah Hollister; Knocko, Patrick Dawe; Jocko, Harry Seymour.

Klaw and Erlanger have been so munificent in previous seasons in making gorgeous productions of Christmas pantomime regardless of cost, that they have educated the public to expect more, perhaps, than is reasonable. This, doubtless, explains why "The White Cat," this year's spectacle, seems hardly up to the standard of former shows of the kind. Certainly this piece suffers by comparison with "Humpty Dumpty" and "The Beauty and the Beast." The tableaux are not as elaborate,

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the costumes are not as rich, and the comedians are not as funny. Ludwig Engländer's music is melodious, and the ladies of the ballet—if hardly eligible for prizes at a beauty show—are nimble and well trained. There is, however, a lack of snap to the whole thing that causes it to drag wearily at times. William T. Hodge, who has rapidly acquired a reputation as one of the funniest men on the stage, fails to raise a single smile as Jonah XIII. He is not amusing in the least, and, in fact, proved a disappointment. William Mactavish, as a superannuated fairy, is the only real funmaker. It is worth seeing "The White Cat" to see him bathe the baby. Maude Lambert is statuesque, as usual, as Prince Peerless; and Helen Lathrop, a vivacious, shapely girl, gave distinction to the rôle of Aristo. Maid Snyder also pleased as Cupid. There is Dutch ballet in the piece, made up of a bevy of the prettiest rosy-cheeked lassies that ever graced the stage.

**CASINO.** "THE EARL AND THE GIRL." Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Seymour Hicks. Lyrics by Percy Greenbank. Music by Ivan Caryll. Produced Nov. 4. Cast:

Jim Cheese, Eddie Foy; Dick Wargrave, Victor Morey; Hon. Crewe Boode, Templar Saxe; A. Buckley; Bliss J. Bernard Dyllyn; Mr. Downham, W. H. Armstrong; Hazell, W. H. Denny; Dudley Cranbourne, John Peacheay; Bellam, Dudley E. Oatman; George, Allan Campbell; Elphim Haye, Georgia Caine; Eliza Shadom, Zelma Rawlston; Mrs. Shimmering Black, Amelia Summerville; Daisy Fallowfield, Nellie McCoy; Miss Virginia Bliss, Violet Holls.

The Casino, remodeled and renovated, has again reopened its doors, and, being now a ground-floor house, it ranks as one of the safest as well as one of the handsomest theatres in the city. Eddie Foy is a favorite comedian and he manages to extract a good deal of fun out of this piece, in which he takes the part of Jim Cheese, a dog trainer who assumes the position of an earl. The music is bright and there are plenty of pretty girls who do much to induce one to overlook a rather feeble libretto. Georgia Caine's songs and Nellie McCoy's dancing are decidedly agreeable features. Some of the numbers, "How Would You Like to Spoon with Me?" and "I Want a Man Made to Order for Me" made distinct hits. There is also a swing chorus that was well received.

**LIBERTY.** "MOONSHINE." Musical play in two acts. Book and lyrics by Edwin Milton Royle and George V. Hobart. Music by Silvio Hein. Produced Oct. 30 with this cast:

Lord Dumgarven, Roy Atwell; Hon. Lionel Longacre, Dick Temple; Lady Gweneth, Frances Gordon; Earl of Broadlawns, J. Ward Kett; Countess of Broadlawns, Leona Anderson; Molly "Moonshine," Marie Cahill; Sadie Short, Sadie Harris; "Plunger" Dawson, William Ingersoll; Marcel Barbier, George Beban; Lola Charmin, Clara Palmer; Terence O'Fogg, H. R. Roberts; General Moroff, H. Guy Woodward; Baron Hosak; Frederic Faulding.

As "musical plays" go, this piece is good of its kind, and it provides an excellent vehicle for Marie Cahill, who is a second edition of Fay Templeton, and almost as clever. The Hon. Lionel Longacre has been robbed of a report which he is carrying to the British Government. Molly Moonshine, with whom he is in love, is accused of the theft, but in the second act Molly recovers the missing documents and fastens the crime on someone else. There are plenty of clever lines in the piece, as might be expected of two such expert librettists, and the songs are particularly tuneful. In one song, "Robinson Crusoe," Marie Cahill scored a well-deserved hit.

**MAJESTIC.** "WONDERLAND." Extravaganza in three acts. Book by Glen MacDonough. Music by Victor Herbert. Produced Oct. 24. Cast:

Dr. Fox, Sam Chip; Phyllis, Eva Davenport; Gladys, Aimée Angeles; Hildegarde Figgers, Lotta Faust; Prince Fortunio, Bessie Wynn; Captain Montague Blue, Charles Barry; James, George McKay; King of Hearts, J. C. Marlowe; Leander, Doris Mitchell; Margot, Sue Kelleher; Gertrude, Hilda Halvers; Rollo, James Harris and William Cohan; Chief of Gendarmes, William McDaniels; Margaret, Emily Fulton.

Julian Mitchell's productions are always worth seeing, and no matter how dull the book there is usually enough to appeal to eye and ear. "Wonderland" is staged with the customary lavish expenditure in scenery and costumes, and the company includes some of the comeliest girls that have been on exhibition in this town for some time. The story deals with a love philter that causes the eight daughters of the King of Hearts to fall in love with the same number of princes who live in an enchanted castle. Mr. MacDonough's lines are bright and Mr. Herbert's music is tuneful, and there is a capital cast including such favorites

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as Eva Davenport, Aimée Angeles, Lottie Faust and Bessie Wynne. As Dr. Fox, Sam Chip, a diminutive comedian, made a distinct hit.

It is curiosity, largely, that has drawn audiences to the Ben Greet productions of Elizabethan Shakespeare at Mendelssohn Hall. These English players are obviously serious students of the drama, and there is considerable interest in seeing how Shakespeare's plays were done under the stage limitations of his day. It is certainly instructive, and no one with scholarly instincts or with any curiosity as to the circumstances of the original productions will fail to avail himself of the opportunity afforded to get an essential point of view. "Henry V" has never succeeded on the modern stage without great scenic display. The play is full of gaps and narratives, the herald often appearing to tell what has happened, all going to make it visually formless. It is interesting, at least, to accept the conditions under which the people of three hundred years ago exercised their imagination in helping out the action. The individual acting is the same as it would be on the modern stage. Mr. Greet has also produced "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Macbeth."

**A Novel Theatre Fire-Escape**

In a recent issue of *Fire Call*, a London periodical, is the following description of a novel method of rescuing the audience of a theatre in case of fire, a recent experiment with it being declared a success. The principle of the invention is the removal of the pit, en bloc, with the boxes attached to it, as well as the partition walls, into the street, by means of rollers underneath the floor, running over a track of rails continued to a suitable length outside the theatre, the scheme also allowing for the simultaneous rescue of the people in the balconies above by exits through specially constructed "window doors," opened automatically all at once, or by hand, which lead on to suspended galleries lowered to the street by the same mechanism actuating the movable pit. The inventor, by these means, aims at emptying the theatre from pit to gallery within thirty seconds, whether the audience numbers 20 or 2,000. The galleries of each balcony are described as being suspended on hinges from heavy outriggers, which act as powerful single-arm levers, and turn round pivots fixed below the first balcony. On being lowered, all the outriggers and the suspended galleries (three are named) move to the side, and descend to the level of the street. The outriggers are fixed at their upper ends to wire ropes which run over a pulley on the roof through the lateral walls to the ground floor, where they are wound on rollers fixed rigidly to the side walls. As the outriggers descend, a transversal shaft is actuated through a conical-toothed gearing, and the racks fitted beneath the pit, as well as the pit itself, which runs on rails, are set in motion.

The gearing is so actuated that at the moment the outrigger galleries touch the street, the whole pit has been removed from the theatre building. The apparatus is designed to be operated from an enclosed cabin, either by means of a motor or by hand through a crank, on a fire signal being sent. Provision for the rescue of people who do not escape by this operation is provided by stationary running galleries fitted outside the building, which lead on to a flight of stairs, ingeniously arranged for special exits to each balcony. The rescue of performers on the stage, it is added, is also a feature of the scheme.

**DEATH STRIKES THE STAGE**

W. J. LeMoigne, for many years a favorite comedian at the old Lyceum Theatre, died recently in his 74th year. The veteran actor had been ailing for some time from heart trouble, complicated with acute Bright's disease. Mr. LeMoigne was of French descent and was born in Boston in 1831. He made his stage début in 1852 in "The Lady of Lyons," and later was seen as Deacon Perry in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a part written expressly for him. He served through the Civil War and on the conclusion of peace returned to the stage. In 1871 he appeared under Mr. Daly's management at the old Fifth Avenue Theatre, and later passed to the Lyceum Theatre, where he remained ten years. His last rôle was Marquis Gonzales in "Don Cesar's Return."

Frederick Ranken, one of the authors of DeWolf Hopper's successful operetta, "Happyland," died in New York City on Oct. 17 of typhoid fever. Mr. Ranken was one of our most promising librettists, his work having a quality superior to the usual run of what pass muster for operatic books nowadays. He was born in Troy, N. Y., thirty-six years ago. He started as a salesman and was interested in local amateur theatricals. Not long after he arrived in the metropolis he met Frank L. Perley, and for him rewrote and managed "The Sporting Duchess." He next worked in collaboration with Kirke La Shelle, and together they produced the book of "The Ameer," He rearranged many operas written by other men, notably "The Runaways," "The Jewel of Asia," "The Smugglers," "Nancy Brown," "Happyland," and "The Gingerbread Man" were his other works. This year he was engaged by Henry W. Savage to produce a comic opera a year for four years, conjointly with Reginald De Koven.

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(Continued from page xviii.)

E. V. C. P., Bridgeport, Conn.—Q.—How can a girl who has no money to go to a dramatic school get on the stage? A.—Go in the ballet or as a supernumerary and work yourself up.

THEATRE Reader, White Plains, N. Y.—Q.—Where is Edward Elsner playing? A.—With the "Iazel Burke" company. Q.—Has he photographs for sale? A.—We do not know.

A Reader, New York.—Q.—Have illustrated theatre editions been published of any of the plays in which Julius Marlowe has appeared? A.—We do not know of any. Q.—Will Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern appear in "As You Like It" this fall? A.—No. Q.—Will a souvenir book of the Sothern-Marlowe Shakespearean productions be published? A.—Write to Charles Frerom, Empire Theatre, this city. Q.—Will Miss Marlowe or Miss Mannerling write for the series entitled "My Beginnings?" A.—Perhaps.

W. C. C., Boston.—Q.—Where is Edgar Ely this winter? A.—We do not know. Q.—Will you interview Mr. Courtleigh? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Where does Mr. Courtleigh play in this winter? A.—With the Empire Stock Company, Providence.

S. H. S.—Q.—Will Paul McAllister appear in Springfield, Mass., this winter? A.—We do not think so, as he is with the Proctor Stock Co., this city, presumably for the season. Q.—Where can I obtain a copy of H. C. de Mille's and David Belasco's play "The Lost Paradise"? A.—It was not an original piece, but an adaptation from a German play called "Der Verloren Paradies."

L. M.—See answer to "J. W. M., Weekapaug, R. I." Q.—What is Charlotte Walker's maiden name? A.—Q.—That is her correct name. Q.—Does she play in "The Prodigal Son"? A.—She was in "The Prodigal Son," but left the cast to go with Lawrence D'Orsay's company. Q.—With what company will Malcolm Duncan be this season? A.—Thomas Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle" Co. Playwright, New York.—Q.—Where is John E. Henshaw playing? A.—With the "Sho-Gun" Company.

U. B., Hartford, Conn.—Q.—Where can I buy a souvenir book of "Merely Mary Ann"? A.—Lieber Bros. Company, Knickerbocker Theatre Bldg., this city. Q.—What is Miss Robson's real name? A.—See our July issue. Q.—Where are Julia Dean, Elliot Dexter, John Westley and Lulu Glaser? A.—Julia Dean was with the "In the Bishop's Carriage" company and Lulu Glaser is in "Miss Dolly Dollars." What is Julia Dean's real name? A.—See the September THEATRE. Q.—Will Maxime Elliott play in New York at Christmas time in "Her Great Match"? A.—Yes, if business keeps good.

V. J. R., New York City.—Q.—Where are Adele Block and Grace Real playing? A.—Adele Block is in San Francisco and Grace Real is traveling with "Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

R. A. N., Minneapolis, Minn.—Q.—Did any company produce a dramatization of "Alice in Wonderland" last season? A.—We do not know.

A. B. C., New York City.—Q.—Will you publish Dudley Hawley's picture? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Will he be in the Proctor Stock Co. this season? A.—Yes. Q.—Is he an Englishman? A.—No. Q.—What was the date of his souvenir photograph matines? A.—We do not know. Q.—How could I get one now? A.—Write to J. Austin Fynes, Proctor's Theatre. Q.—How much would it cost to get the entire edition of THEATRE? A.—The prices of the bound copies are as follows: 1901, \$20; 1902, \$10; 1903, \$8; 1904, \$5. Each year adds to the value of the early volumes, and very soon they will be out of print.

Miss Angelus, Los Angeles, Cal.—See answers to "A. C. M." "Reader, Mass." and "Penelope" Q.—Where will a letter reach Clyde Fitch? A.—Dramatists Club, 114 West 40th St., this city.

An Admirer of Miss Allen.—Q.—What are Miss Allen's plans for the coming season? A.—See answer to "Aquila, Chicago."

A Reader.—Q.—Where is Malcolm Duncan now? What is his status as a player? A.—He is a promising young actor, and now a member of Thomas Jefferson's company.

W. S., Mt. Pleasant, Texas.—Q.—Have "Man and Superman" and "A Maker of Men" been published? A.—The first-named play is published in America by Brentano's, New York. The other is not published.

M. R.—Q.—Where can I obtain pictures of Elizabeth Washburn, Edna Phillips, Eleanor Browning and Mace Greenhill? A.—At this office.

C. A. K., Lancaster, Pa.—Q.—To whom would I have to apply for a position in a stock company or in a musical company? A.—The stage manager.

A Reader, Spring Park, Minn.—Q.—What is Julia Marlowe's greatest role? A.—Her best characterizations were Parthenia, Juliet, Mary in "For Bonnie Prince Charlie," Rosalind, Lydia Langrish, Colinette and Barbara Frietchie. Q.—Has Norman Hackett ever starred? A.—No. Q.—Will Miss Marlowe visit Minneapolis or St. Paul, Minn., this season? A.—Yes, she will visit your city late in the season. Q.—Do you expect to publish a picture of "Much Ado About Nothing"? A.—Perhaps.

R. I. J.—Q.—Will you soon have an interview with Mr. W. Kelly? A.—Possibly. Q.—When was Edwin Arden born? A.—See THEATRE for August. Q.—Will Jessie Bonestelle star this year and in what play? A.—She is a member of the Proctor Stock Company for the winter.

A. M. T. S. F.—Q.—In what theatre has Lucia Moore played? A.—In the Portland, Oregon, Stock Company.

W. B. H.—Q.—Were John Westley and Julia Dean playing "The Bishop's Carriage" this winter? A.—Yes. Q.—What is Elliot Dexter going to play in this winter? A.—We cannot say. Q.—Where can I get a souvenir book of Eleanor Robson in "Audrey"? A.—Lieber Bros., Knickerbocker Theatre Bldg., this city.

H. A. W.—Q.—Where may I obtain photographs of Guy Bates Post and Wright Kramer, who recently played in "The Heir to the Hoorah"? A.—Hudson Theatre, this city.

B.—Q.—Will "The Heir to the Hoorah," "Sunday," "Strongheart," "The Walls of Jericho," "Her Great Match" and "The Toast of the Town" come to Birmingham this season? A.—No.

I. D., Somerville, Mass.—Q.—Where is Thomas MacLarnie playing now? A.—He is at present idle. Q.—Will "In the Bishop's Carriage" be seen in Boston this season? A.—Yes, about Christmas week. Q.—Will Edmund Breese continue with Robert Edeson? A.—He retired, and is playing in "The Lion and the Mouse."

A. B. M., New Rochelle, N. Y.—Q.—Where is George M. Cohan's summer residence? A.—Boston.

D. I. G.—Q.—With what stock company is Lester Lonergan this season? A.—Lyric Stock Company, New Orleans. Q.—Will you publish scenes from the "Ham Tree"? A.—Probably.

E. E. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—Can an inexperienced person secure a position as assistant treasurer? A.—One does not require any former experience, but he must be a good accountant.

(Continued on page xxvii.)

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## Letters to the Editor

Our readers are invited to send in, for publication in this department, letters on any theatrical topic likely to be of general interest. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and not exceed 500 words. Letters published must be regarded as expressing the personal opinion of each correspondent. The Editor does not necessarily endorse the statements made and disclaims all responsibility.

### Not Practicable

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 20, 1905.

To the Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE:

In your section on the current plays, won't you please arrange your articles in chronological order, according to the date of production of the play, and not skip around in any old order? Also please keep your readers posted on the number of performances each play has run, so that we can get a fair idea of their popularity, as, for instance, such and such a play has reached its 50th or 100th performance, etc.

Can you not also give your readers a few photos of prominent French and English actresses and actors performing at present in their own countries, and a brief note of the plays they are playing in?

Yours truly, A. D. W.

It is not practicable to place the reviews of new plays in the order of their respective productions, for the reason that the pages that should contain reviews of the earliest plays go to press last, and vice versa. Such suggestions sound easy to the outsider, but a little experience in editorial difficulties would soon make him less exacting. We doubt that portraits of foreign actresses, not known here, would prove of palpitating interest to the majority of our readers.

### Read by Indians

MUSCOGEE, I. T., Nov. 3, 1905.

To the Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE:

What do you think? Here in the Indian Territory I found copies of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, and the Indian Territory is even a long way from Thirty-third Street. But, then, this is what they call a "live" town. I tried to find out what had created the boom, but nobody seems to know, but everything is flourishing; two good hotels and a lovely little theatre—the house is all sold out. I didn't believe that there were any Indians in the Territory, thought it was just a name, but the man I asked about the cause of the boom talked a lot about "the Five Nations," "the Katy" and the "Frisco System."

They have two trains in this part of the country, one called "the Katy Flier" and the other the "Cannon Ball," and they vie with one another as to which one can lose the most time.

It was immensely funny to see a disreputable looking old squaw, in a dirty blanket and cheap beads, gravely turning over the illuminated pages of your splendid magazine.

Your devoted reader,  
CLARA MAURICE.

### An Honor to Journalism

The THEATRE MAGAZINE is a periodical that gains steadily in merit and is an honor both to journalism and the stage.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Unfortunate to Miss It

The brilliant November issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE offers one of the most attractive collections of stage articles and portrayals that ever found its way between the covers of a book in this country. The magazine fairly groans with delicious treats, and unfortunate indeed is he who fails to secure it.—Providence, R. I., Telegram.

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He's the man that runs the show,  
He's the show-man!  
He's the man that's all the go,  
A good omen!  
And he wanders to and fro,—  
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Not a slow man!  
He is guarded here below,  
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He's a foeman!  
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(Continued from page xx.)

T. E. A., Providence, R. I.—Q.—Where is Walter E. Hitchcock? A.—In Lawrence D'Orsay's play, "The Embassy Ball."

J. C. W., New York City.—Q.—Where is Sydney Ayres? A.—With a Texas company.

M. M. G., Atlanta, Ga.—Q.—What part did Norman Hackett play in "Romeo and Juliet"? A.—Mercutio. Q.—Will Julia Marlowe, Viola Allen, Maude Adams, Ada Rehan, Mary Manning, Otis Skinner, Frank Daniels, Robert Edeson, and William Gillette appear in Atlanta this year? A.—We are not advised as to their dates ahead.

F. L. W.—Q.—Is David Warfield coming to Brooklyn this season? A.—Probably.

An Admirer.—Q.—Where can I obtain a large poster of Maxine Elliott in her gypsy costume? A.—See our November issue.

R. E. C., Nova Scotia.—Q.—Where was Henrietta Crossman born? A.—Wheeling, West Va. Q.—When did she play "Madeline"? A.—Feb. 25, 1895. Q.—What will Robert Mantell play this season? A.—Shakespearian repertoire, "Othello," "Hamlet," "Richelieu," etc.

H. E. E.—Q.—Who produced "Arms and the Man" in America? A.—Richard Mansfield Sept., 1895, at the Herald Sq. Theatre. Q.—Will Mr. Hackett and Mary Manning be in New York Thanksgiving? A.—No doubt they will. Q.—Will "Raffles" be played this season? A.—Yes.

An Interested Reader.—Q.—Where is Viola Allen's home in New York? A.—In Harlem. Q.—Is her mother still on the stage? A.—No, but her father is and appearing with her. See page 301, this issue.

A Theatre Lover.—Q.—Where are Donald Bowies, George Bloomquist, and George Stuart Christie at present? A.—In the Northwest. Q.—Where and in what is Florence Roberts playing? A.—She is traveling with a company in the Northwest called "Ann la Mont," a problem play. A.—When will Marlowe and Sothern play in San Francisco? A.—Late in the season. Q.—After her marriage, will Ethel Barrymore leave the stage? A.—It is stated now that she will not retire after marriage.

J. L. O.—Q.—Is Howell Hansel now on the stage? A.—He is at Proctor's Theatre, this city. Q.—When will Mr. Willard be in Chicago? A.—Early in December. Q.—Is Forbes Robertson coming to Chicago this season? A.—No.

F. A. W.—Q.—What is the best theatrical paper published? The THEATRE MAGAZINE, published at 26 West 33d St., N. Y.

B. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—Q.—Is Laura Nelson Hall playing this season? A.—She is in New Orleans. Q.—Is there a good school of acting in Cleveland, O.? A.—None that we know of.

A Constant Reader.—Q.—Is James Young playing with Viola Allen this year? A.—Yes. Q.—What is her new play? A.—"The Toast of the Town." Q.—Are Hackett and Mary Manning going to appear together in another play besides "The Walls of Jericho"? A.—Early in December Miss Manning retires from the cast of "The Walls of Jericho" and goes on a starring tour with another play. Q.—Is Dustin Farnum going to appear in a new play this year? A.—We cannot say. Q.—Is Henry Miller acting this winter? A.—No, not yet. He is now manager of the Princess Theatre, New York. Q.—Are you going to publish pictures of Sothern and Marlowe in the THEATRE MAGAZINE? A.—We have published many. See back issues. Q.—What play is Ethel Barrymore playing in? A.—"Sunday." Q.—In what play does Eleanor Robson appear? A.—In a new play by Clyde Fitch. Q.—Is she going to play with Kyrie Bellew this year? A.—No. Q.—In what play is Otis Skinner playing? A.—His Grace de Grammont."

H. L. T.—Q.—What is William Gillette playing this season? A.—He is in London, England, appearing in a play written by himself entitled "Clarice." Q.—Is Lawrence D'Orsay playing "The Earl of Pawtucket" this season? A.—He has a new play by Augustus Thomas called "The Embassy Ball." Q.—Is "Home Folks" booked for Rochester, N. Y.? A.—Yes, about Christmas. Q.—Who is Mrs. James K. Hackett? A.—Mary Manning. Q.—Is Dustin Farnum still playing "The Virginian"? A.—Yes. Will Mrs. Fiske in "Leah Kleschka" visit Rochester, N. Y., this season? A.—Probably. Q.—Who took the part of Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew"? A.—Mr. Sothern.

Charlotte, Boston, Mass.—Q.—Will you publish a large picture of E. H. Sothern, also of Julia Marlowe? A.—We have; see back numbers; also present issue.

J. B.—Q.—In what will Henry Woodruff play this season? A.—He is now in "The Genius and the Model."

W. K.—Q.—In what theatre and town is Adelaine Keim now appearing? A.—The Bush Temple Stock Company, Chicago, Ill.

G. F. N.—Q.—Where is Frank Moulan now? A.—He is with Klaw & Erlanger's "Humpy Dumpty."

E. M. S.—Q.—Where is Helen MacGregor's home? A.—Castleton, Staten Island. Q.—Will you publish scenes from "As Ye Sow"? A.—See the present issue.

E. F.—Q.—When did Adelina Patti last sing in New York and South America in public? A.—Mme. Patti's last appearance was at the West End Theatre, matinee, Nov. 29, 1905. Her last appearance in the United States was at Little Rock, Ark. Her last appearance in South America was in July, 1899.

J. E. L., Pittsburgh.—Q.—Where will William Ingersoll play this season? A.—In "Moonshine." Q.—Where is Miss Eva Taylor? A.—A letter will reach her if addressed to 2142 1st St., Bensonhurst, L. I. Q.—When will Mrs. Leslie Carter play in Pittsburgh? A.—Probably the New Year.

A Local Reader, Columbus.—Q.—When was "Sherlock Holmes" published? A.—First acted by Gillette in Brooklyn, season of 1899-90; next acted at Garrick Theatre, this city, Nov. 6, 1899.

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**Lilla Allen**, one of the most gifted pen colorists of the day, contributes one of her extraordinary impressionistic and emotional sketches—a page from her private journals—on Moscow and St. Petersburg.

**Guying and the Guys on the Stage**, by Lew Fields, is a scathing reprimand to those actors who exclude the audience from a joke. His theory on the subject of what he terms the "coupon contract" is most original and logical. It will appeal to every lover of stage ethics.

**Into Port**, by William S. Birge, M.D., describes the light-houses and code of signals by which an ocean steamer rides safely into port. As this story, which is fully illustrated, is the first of its kind, it is bound to be of unusual interest.

**The Chorister Boy as He Is**, by Lacey Baker, one of the most eminent organists and chormasters in this country, is a unique treatise on the boy's voice and the methods of training it.

**Bernard Shaw on the Education of Children** is a compilation of this brilliant cynic's theories in regard to the education of the young. It is startling in its biting sarcasms against modern educational institutions.

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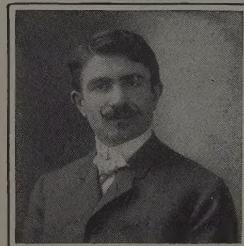
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